LINCOLN AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF . . By Walter P. Armstrong

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVIII No. 6 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1945 FIFTEEN CENTS

"RE-EDUCATING GERMANY"
by Werner Richter
Reviewed by Robert Pick

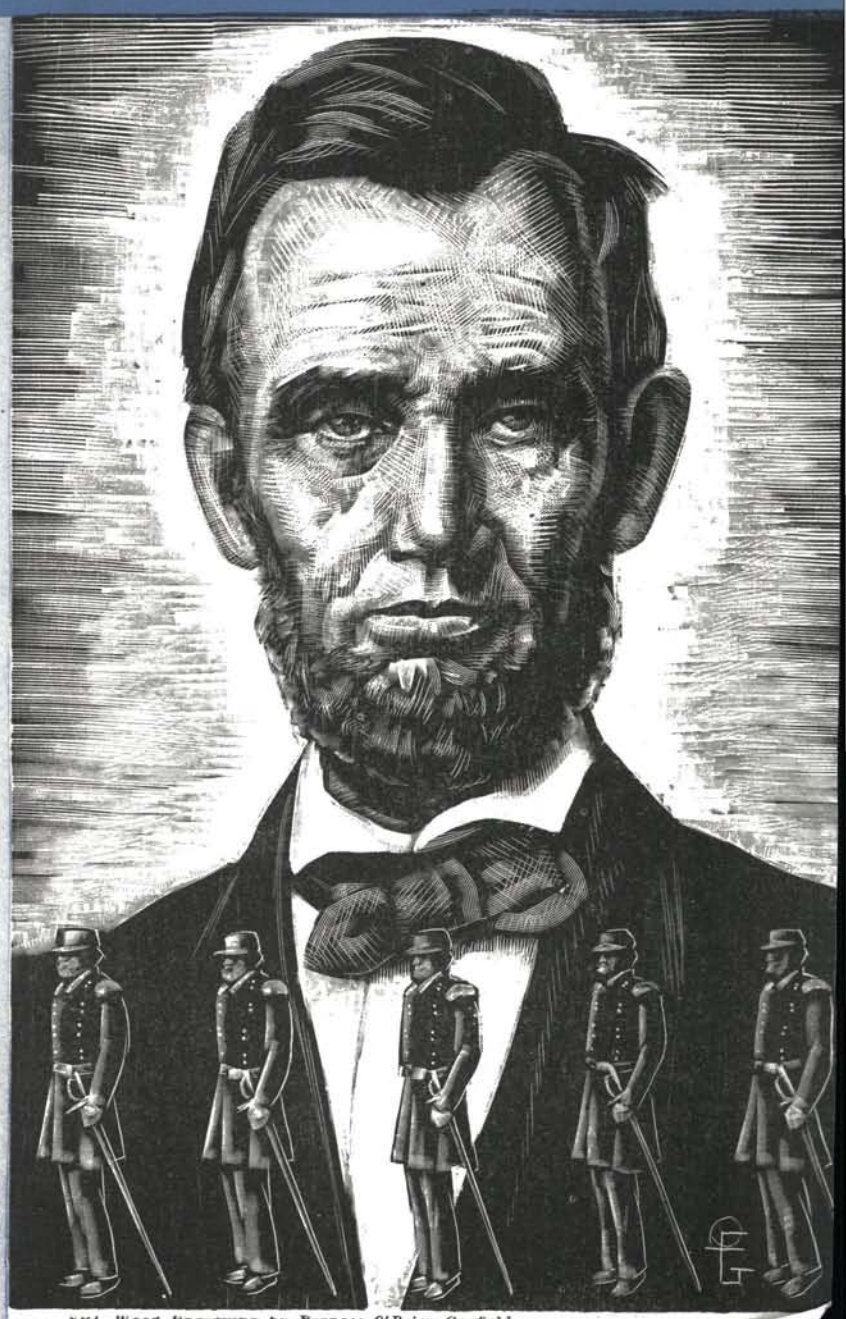
"BEYOND ALL FRONTS"
by Max Jordan
Reviewed by Frederick Gruin

"THE TROUBLED MIDNIGHT"
by John Gunther
Reviewed by F. C. Weiskopf

"STEPHEN HERO"
by James Joyce
Reviewed by Robert Post

DECEMBER IN DAKOTA
(A Poem)
by Ben Ray Redman

SEEING THINGS
(A Review of "The Tempest")
by John Mason Brown



—SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield

ABRAHAM LINCOLN "had no choice except to take part in the conduct of the war." (See page 5)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANCE of vineyards and of Paris—the France which was cherished in the hearts of Frenchmen during the occupation and which stirs again with the liberation—is beautifully and faithfully set down in

CHARLES MORGAN'S

great novel

THE VOYAGE

Synonymous with the finest in European civilization, the France of deep humanity and urbane culture is recreated with perfect understanding in this love story of a simple country man and a fiery Paris *diseuse*. The many thousands of Americans whose eyes are turned to France with new awareness will find it a beautiful and rewarding book. $2.50

"A first-rate work of art . . . The pictures of French life are sharp and beautiful, the analyses of character, both of the country and of Paris, astonishingly penetrating." —William McFee, *New York Sun.*

The Journal of

Mary Hervey Russell

By Storm Jameson

A subtle, restless, and sensitive mind is depicted in this fictional journal of Storm Jameson's leading character—granddaughter of Mary Hervey of *The Lovely Ship* trilogy, daughter of Sylvia Russell of *The Captain's Wife*. In what is perhaps her most personal and provocative book, Miss Jameson gives a subjective account of life in Europe, of refugee authors, of modern tendencies in art, of the first years of this war.

Storm Jameson's many staunch admirers will read the *Journal* with particular interest, because it reveals so much of her essential mind and spirit. $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

February 10, 1945

Articles

PAGE

LINCOLN AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
By Walter P. Armstrong 5

DECEMBER IN DAKOTA
(A Poem)
By Ben Ray Redman 15

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE—
THE PATHFINDER SPIRIT
By Mary Gould Davis 24

Reviews

RE-EDUCATING GERMANY
By Werner Richter
Reviewed by Robert Pick 7

BEYOND ALL FRONTS
By Max Jordan
Reviewed by Frederick Gruin 8

THE TROUBLED MIDNIGHT
By John Gunther
Reviewed by F. C. Weiskopf 9

AMERIGO VESPUCCI: PILOT MAJOR
By Frederick J. Pohl
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly 10

THE ADVENTURES OF THE YOUNG SOLDIER
IN SEARCH OF THE BETTER WORLD
By C. E. M. Joad
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon 10

FREUD'S CONTRIBUTION TO PSYCHIATRY
By A. A. Brill, M.D.
Reviewed by Karl Menninger 11

STEPHEN HERO
By James Joyce
Reviewed by Robert Post 12

THE TECHNIQUE OF SCREEN-PLAY
WRITING
By Eugene Vale
Reviewed by Ring Lardner, Jr. 13

Departments

LITERARY I.Q. 8
LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 86 14
EDITORIAL 16
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 17
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 20
SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown 22
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 27
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 28
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: NO. 568 31
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 31

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVIII, No. 6, February 10, 1945. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue, Copyright, 1945, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

"Suicide"—the coroner said. But WHY? Young, exquisite, fabulously rich, why should laughing Rosemary, who so loved parties, kill herself at her own?

AGATHA CHRISTIE

begins her new novel, REMEMBERED DEATH, with that "Why?" Seeking an answer, she leads you inside the stately homes of England, where a cabinet minister looks at his wife with fear, and a young man of dubious background pays court to an heiress. REMEMBERED DEATH is Agatha Christie at her superb best—fascinating background, excitement, tension, a climactic surprise and a stunning Christie finish.

REMEMBERED DEATH

A Red Badge Detective Story

At all bookstores. $2.00

DODD, MEAD

As exotic as Scheherazade —and it's true!

WIND in the SAHARA

by R. V. C. Bodley

The strange story of seven years with the Arabs

"To that noble company, which includes Sir Richard Burton, Charles M. Doughty, Gertrude Bell, T. E. Lawrence and St. John Philby, now must be added a new name, that of Ronald V. C. Bodley."—*N. Y. Times*

"The entire book is one of the most remarkable that has ever come out of the desert."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

$2.75 At all bookstores

CREATIVE AGE PRESS, INC. 11 East 44 St. N.Y. 17

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "power" of Edgar Cayce

THE STORY OF EDGAR CAYCE is unquestionably one of the most extraordinary puzzles ever left to bewilder and confound science. He died suddenly, a month ago, at the age of sixty-eight . . . a tragic victim of his determination to speed his help to others no matter what the cost. Normally, two "readings" a day were all he had the energy to give. He was giving eight a day when he died.

We first learned about Edgar Cayce when Thomas Sugrue, who had had a mysterious illness for years and had been saved from death by Cayce, brought in the manuscript of a biography about him called THERE IS A RIVER. It was an eloquent story which told with simplicity and quiet power the facts of an amazing life. Of the rather dull young boy who couldn't learn his lessons, fell asleep on his book and woke to discover that he knew the text by heart. Of how he cured himself of a serious spinal injury by going into a psychic trance and prescribing for himself. And of how he fought fervently against this strange healing power.

But the power would not be denied. Time and again, as when he himself lost his voice and with it his job in a bookstore, or when his small son burned his eyes with exploding flashlight powder, or when his wife was dying, according to the doctors, of tuberculosis, he found himself reverting to it, reverently, for help. And the help always came, the cures were effected.

Today thousands upon thousands owe their life and good health to the psychic diagnoses of this devout Kentucky Christian, whose grandfather was a water witch (he would walk around with a forked hazel twig in his hand and tell farmers where to dig for water) and whose father hated snakes but had to give up farming and move to the city because snakes loved him and followed him wherever he went.

Many scientists, doctors, psychologists, came to expose Edgar, and though none could explain his uncanny powers of diagnosis and healing, none could find even the shadow of fraud or deception. Doctors, especially, were puzzled because his "readings" helped cure patients they had already given up as lost. And what puzzled them most was his indiscriminate prescription of all forms of medicine – allopathic, homeopathic, naturopathic and osteopathic.

But there was no trick involved. He required no crystal ball, no turban, no religious ecstacy or period of meditation. He could eat, drink or smoke whatever he wished. He did not need to get himself into a mood by burning incense, listening to music, or muttering incantations. He did not even need darkness. Whatever it was apparently was natural to him because it did not tire him. He usually awoke refreshed and hungry. But a sense of weariness or depletion would come over him if he tried more than two readings a day.

The readings were quite simple. Edgar lay down on a couch and put himself to sleep by autohypnosis. Someone would then suggest that he examine the body of the person asking for help. Sometimes this person would be in the next room, but often the person would be at home wherever that was. Distance didn't seem to matter. The address would be read to him and he seemed to find the place all right. Edgar would give his diagnosis in a firm clear voice while still asleep—and would be able to describe not only the person but the very room in which that person happened to be at the moment of the diagnosis.

Edgar Cayce did this for 41 years. THERE IS A RIVER tells the incredible story. Every diagnosis was checked and rechecked. The cures were positive, indisputable. No one has ever been able to explain them away. An Irish poet once said that to move even a single step we must have power. Edgar Cayce's power, perhaps, was of a higher order. Unfortunately we have only five senses; perhaps if we had eight we'd know more and understand more . . . about such powers as Edgar Cayce's.

THERE IS A RIVER

The Story of Edgar Cayce

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10

by Thomas Sugrue

$3.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief

WALTER P. ARMSTRONG

"THE President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States." These sixteen words confer a vast undefined power the limits of which have never been fully explored.

In most of our wars the President has confined the exercise of this power to the selection of commanding officers and has not participated in the formulation of strategy, because of the force of circumstances and the character of the Presidents rather than because of any narrow conception of the power of the Presidential office. This was true in the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Spanish-American War. A strong President, like Woodrow Wilson, would probably have been inclined at least to participate in decisions of strategy if occasion had been presented. However, the pattern of World War I was fully developed before we entered the conflict. During the brief time of our participation there was no need to consider a change.

But in the War Between the States there existed circumstances which required a full exercise of the President's power as commander-in-chief. The war lasted for four years. For a considerable time its outcome was highly uncertain. In the beginning many of the Union commanders were incapable or unfortunate. Their plans frequently miscarried and changes in strategy had to be devised. Abraham Lincoln, a strong President, had no choice except to take part in the conduct of the war. Lincoln's first major problem was in regard to the forts in the South. Should they be surrendered or held? If held, should men and supplies be sent to relieve them? Lincoln sent a relief expedition to Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor. Jefferson Davis ordered General Beauregard to open fire and the war began.

Even in the beginning Lincoln's use of his war power was not limited to strictly military measures. On April 20, 1861, he ordered United States marshals to seize in the principal telegraph offices in the Northern States the originals of all telegrams sent and copies of all received during the preceding twelve months. The following day he directed the Secretary of the

—*Harper's Weekly*

"All Seems Well with Us."

A reference to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

Treasury, without Congressional authorization, to advance two million dollars for the arming of ships. Shortly thereafter, again without action by Congress, he suspended the writ of habeas corpus and ignored the decision of the Chief Justice of the United States that his action was unconstitutional.

Lincoln, not uninfluenced by political considerations, soon felt it necessary to disregard his military advisers. Both General Scott, who headed the Army, and General McDowell, the field commander, advised against fighting the first battle of Manassas on the ground that more time was required for disciplining and drilling the troops. The public, however, clamored for action, the generals were overruled, and the battle was fought with a disastrous result. The night after the battle Lincoln prepared a detailed plan of strategy which was completed by an addition made four days later.

Not always was an attempt made to carry out the strategy devised by Lincoln. Sometimes he submitted to the advice of his generals. Occasionally they disregarded his wishes if not his direct orders. Early in the war he was exceedingly desirous that General Buell should capture Cumberland Gap through which his grandfather and grandmother had made their way Westward. Buell more than once promised to take this course, but in the end turned his back on the Gap and moved toward Nashville.

As the war developed Lincoln became more concerned with questions of strategy. He was greatly troubled by his inability to stir McClellan, who was in command of the Army of the Potomac, into action. He read military treatises which he procured from the Library of Congress and held long conversations with officers on the art of war. In December, 1861, he presented McClellan with an elaborate memorandum asking technical questions and making suggestions as to an advance. McClellan returned it with pencilled replies to the questions and a note rejecting all the suggestions.

On January 27, 1862, Lincoln issued his General War Order No. 1 in which he fixed February 22 as "the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces." The Army of the Potomac and others as well as certain naval forces were named as ordered to "be ready to move on that day." Four days later he supplemented this with "President's Special War Order No. 1," commanding the Army of the Potomac, after providing for the defense of Washington, to move on February 22 to seize Manassas Junction. This was followed on February 3 by a note to McClellan insisting upon Lincoln's own plan for an attack on the Confederate Army near Washington rather than an expedition by water against Richmond. However, plans, suggestions, and orders were alike ineffective to move McClellan or his army.

IT was shortly after this that Lincoln told John Hay, one of his secretaries, of his impulse to take charge of the Army of the Potomac and see what he could do as a field commander. He did not yield to this impulse at this time or later, though on May 23, 1863, the *Chicago Tribune* urged him to take the field as actual commander. During the week of May 5, 1862, he did assume personal command of the operations that resulted in the capture of Norfolk. The President not only ordered the advance on Norfolk but personally selected the place where the attack was to begin and gave the order to fire. Moreover, he counter-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manded the orders of Major General John E. Wood as to the disposal of some of his troops.

Perhaps encouraged by this success, when Stonewall Jackson made one of his forays into the Shenandoah Valley, Lincoln gave specific orders to Generals McDowell, Fremont, and Buell as to how they were to surround and capture Jackson and his army. Fremont disobeyed two of Lincoln's orders, resting his men one day when they were ordered to march and again taking a different route from the one selected by Lincoln. Even if the orders had been literally obeyed, the capture of Stonewall Jackson's army would not have been an entirely simple task. After this experience Lincoln did not again attempt to direct the field movements of several armies a long distance from the White House.

He did, however, continue to issue orders for attack. McClellan was not the only commander who by his Fabian policy provoked the President. Impatient with Meade, on October 16, 1863 he sent to that commander, through General Halleck, a curious letter which was in effect an order to attack Lee and which concluded: "The honor will be yours if it succeeds and the blame will be mine if it fails." The letter was widely publicized and administration newspapers hailed the President as a great strategist.

Lincoln himself laid no claim to military genius and frankly admitted that his interference with his commanders was partly the result of their dilatoriness and ineptitude, and partly caused by political pressure. That this is true is evinced by the fact that as capable commanders emerged Lincoln interfered less and less.

And as Lincoln became less inclined personally to direct the strategy of the various campaigns he became more insistent upon generals who not only could work out a plan of campaign but who would fight.

IN the beginning hundreds of commissions were issued, many to high ranking officers, for political reasons—because they had powerful friends, could raise troops, or because it was desired to obtain their full support of the war. The criticism was made—not without justification—that favoritism had officered the Army with incompetents. Even when such men as Butler and McClellan had repeatedly demonstrated their incapacity there was long hesitation in removing them for fear of unfavorable political reaction.

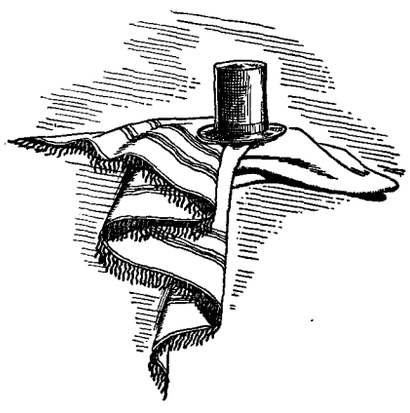
After Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg, Grant had Lincoln's complete confidence and his reply to voluble criticism of him was: "I can't spare this man—he fights." After Grant moved to Virginia there was little interference and, indeed, on no other basis could the President and his chief commander have worked together. Grant was determined to go his own way and, though he attempted to conceal his feeling, was not particularly pleased when Lincoln visited his headquarters.

Finding in Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan a triumvirate upon whom he could depend, Lincoln in the latter months of the war, while he keenly followed the movements of the armies, permitted his commanders freely to conduct their own campaigns. On one occasion he said to Stanton, who was insisting that Grant was exceeding his authority: "Now, Mr. Secretary, you know we have been trying to manage the army for three years and you know we haven't done much with it. We sent over the mountains and brought Mr. Grant, as Mrs. Grant calls him, to manage it for us and now I guess we'd better let Mr. Grant have his own way."

Lincoln withheld from Grant only the decision of questions that were within the politico-military zone as when he instructed him to have no conference with Lee except for the surrender of Lee's army or upon some minor or purely military matter. All proposals for peace were to be passed on by Lincoln.

Lincoln had reason to believe that sentiment in the army favored his reelection in 1864 and was not reluctant to have the advantage of this influence. No restriction was placed upon electioneering for the soldier vote. Leaves were freely granted to officers that they might participate in the campaign. Many of them spoke at public meetings in behalf of the Lincoln-Johnson ticket. Furloughs were given privates that their influence might be felt in their home districts. Men on detached service and convalescents in hospitals were sent home to help.

Indiana, being the only large state whose soldier citizens could not vote in the field, presented a special problem. It was felt that the loss of the state election in October would be a severe blow to the Republicans. In General Sherman's army were twenty-nine regiments and two batteries of Hoosiers. Upon the insistence of Governor Morton of that state Lincoln wrote Sherman suggesting that, so far as he safely could, he permit the Indiana soldiers to return home to vote. Sherman, feeling that their absence would endanger his army, declined to order the soldiers home, and Lincoln refused to overrule him. However, a few Indiana regiments from posts in Tennessee and Kentucky returned home for the state election. In addition Lincoln ordered sent to their home state all Indiana soldiers either hospitalized or unfit for service. Moreover, he ordered home from Sherman's army six prominent Hoosier officers along with Major Generals Logan and Frank Blair to stump Indiana and nearby states. Logan later wrote Sherman that "When I left on leave after the Atlanta campaign to canvass for Mr. Lincoln, I did it at the special and private request of the President."



Lincoln justified this conduct, just as he justified his yielding to political pressure in granting pardons and cotton trading permits, on the ground that in seeking his own reëlection and strengthening the political influence of his administration he was working not for personal ends but for the salvation of the Union.

THE greatest exercise of Lincoln's power as commander-in-chief was in regard to subjects which he could not delegate to any general. There was no other basis for the governments which during the war were set up in the occupied Southern States. Congressman Olin of New York had said in the House of Representatives that in occupied territory in wartime the President had the power to do what must be done and that necessity justified him. "Of that necessity," he added, "the President is alone the judge; as commander-in-chief of the army." It was on this theory that Lincoln proceeded.

The Emancipation Proclamation was, of course, the culmination of Lincoln's exercise of his power as commander-in-chief. Only on this ground could it be valid and on this ground alone Lincoln defended it: "You dislike the Emancipation Proclamation. You say it is unconstitutional. I think differently. I think the Constitution intrusts the commander-in-chief with the law of war in time of war."

Some of Lincoln's acts as commander-in-chief may have been questionable, some unwise, and others of doubtful constitutionality, but in retrospect it seems clear that he was in each instance motivated not by any thought of personal aggrandizement but by his desire to save the Union, and that taken together they contributed greatly to that end.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Coming "Reform" in Germany

RE-EDUCATING GERMANY. By Werner Richter. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 227 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE author of the present book was an undersecretary in the Prussian Ministry of Education during the Weimar Republic, a close associate of Carl Heinrich Becker, whose ideas at that time aroused much interest among sociologists and philosophers even outside of Germany. (Ortega y Gasset in his recently published "Mission of the University" repeatedly refers to his theories.) Dr. Richter himself was officially primarily occupied with the appointment of teachers at the Prussian universities which, like the rest of the educational set-up all over the Reich, have practically for centuries been State enterprises.

A philologist by training who since 1939 has been teaching philosophy at Elmhurst College, Illinois, Dr. Richter is an erudite man, reared in the tradition of German idealism and equipped with a thorough knowledge of the various theories and techniques of education and its history on both sides of the Atlantic. It is well that a man of his scholarship and first-hand experience should have his say on a subject which of late has only too often been treated by men who of necessity had to confine themselves to oratorical generalizations. Here, at last, is a man who knows what he is talking about, and has realized that the problem of "re-educating" a modern nation is above all a matter of knowledge.

As it is, Dr. Richter has devoted the greater part of his study to what, whether intended as such or not, amounts to an apologetic survey of the democratically-minded efforts of a number of well-meaning officials of the late Republic. True, his presentation must not be lumped together with the endless pronunciamentos of nostalgic Weimar *ci-devants* who, still on the lookout for scapegoats, usually arrive at the conclusion that "the course of history would have been vastly different" had they been in control or had they had more legal power at this or that moment. "Educational principles," so Dr. Richter says, "must always be accompanied by the will to fashion the future and by the almost intuitive capacity to anticipate the shape of things to come"—and by so saying in this account of a failure he tacitly admits that the Republic was sorely lacking in genuine statesmanship. In spite of Dr. Richter's disarming attitude toward his own past, it is rather futile to follow his presentation of the forces opposing democratic education in the Weimar Reich. It is an old story. Besides, these forces were, after all, not a static quantity; exposed, as they were according to Dr. Richter's data, to what was, or should have been, the full reformatory *élan* of a group of new educators, the fatal growth of the new reactionary movement (which was the old reactionary movement) only proves that either that group was too weak or—which is much more important for the future—the combined anti-democratic ele-

ments were too strong. Thus, Dr. Richter's long and pathetic report is, with all its scholarship and its rich historical background interpretation, likely only to convince the reader (once more) of the truly superhuman task of re-educators in Germany, past and future.

Yet Dr. Richter is confident that there will be a far-reaching self-examination and self-reform of German youth after the coming defeat. In fact, this confidence is the very crux of the second half of this volume; needless to add, Dr. Richter is a stern advocate of German self-government and the rest, while he is rather vague and evasive on questions of retribution and atonement. "You cannot enslave a nation and at the same time educate it to freedom," is the theme of his suggestions in the field of peacemaking and maintaining peace. It is a fine sentence, no doubt. But how about that education itself?

To be brief, Dr. Richter's actual plans for the education of that supposedly self-reformed post-Hitler youth are very meager. "The German soul has always been inspired by general and absolute principles, but when it comes to translating these principles into action, the obvious concreteness of practical affairs often is not appreciated." One may be allowed to wonder whether Dr. Richter himself is entirely free from that Teutonic peculiarity—which, as he puts it at another passage, "may be criticized, but cannot be eradicated."

By all odds the best portion of his book is an essay on "American and German Education." It should contribute to a wider knowledge among postwar planners of educational systems abroad; for "the political maturity of a nation depends" indeed "upon the extent to which its educated citizens have understood the spirit of other nations." Dr. Richter's study is also valuable in fighting a number of current oversimplifications such as that the "Prussian spirit" is the sole source of all evil among Germans. But he has neither succeeded in shedding much light on the spirit of the Germans as he wants us to see them, nor in stimulating the discussion of what can be done with Hitler's killers and the throngs of kids who, to be conservative, are as likely as not to worship the saga of their exploits.

"I think," so he concludes his book, "that a nation which by twelve hundred years of cultural tradition has enriched the world with Meister Eckhart, Luther, Duerer, Bach, Haendel, Leibniz, Kant, Haydn, Mozart, Goethe, Schiller, Hegel, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wagner, has certainly a right to be judged by other criteria than the span of twelve humiliating years." The argument is surely not novel. But if the fate of the world really depends so much more upon the rare geniuses of mankind than on that minimum of sound and decent feeling of the common man which, responsive to the moral meaning of those masters' achievements, might check the recurrence of such "humiliating periods,"—then the Allied Nations may safely give the green light to Vansittartism. About five hundred years after Rome imposed on Carthage the most crushing treaty the world has yet seen, Monica, a woman of Carthaginian stock, gave birth to a boy child and christened him Augustinus. The loss by his forebears of their country's independence seems not to have prevented him from enriching the world.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 567)

J. M. BROWN:

MANY A WATCHFUL NIGHT

To be silent when your profession has been words . . . is not easy. But doubtless it is good for the soul no less than for the Service. To have to respect—and obey—a man because of the braid he wears likewise requires readjustment.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Coming Responsibility for Germany?

BEYOND ALL FRONTS. "A Bystander's Notes on This Thirty Years War." By Max Jordan. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. 1944. *Appendix, Index,* 386 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

MAX JORDAN adds his voice to the thin, troubled chorus of those who want a humane peace with Germany. In this earnest book, he speaks as a European (he was born in San Remo of German parentage, schooled in France, Italy, and Germany) and as an international journalist who has studied the Continent's contemporary history for the pre-Nazi *Berliner Tageblatt,* the Hearst press, and NBC. What he has to say makes timely reading for men of good will.

The theme is a familiar and sensible one: nations, like individuals, all have something of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde within them. Mr. Jordan firmly believes that the ascendancy of Hyde in Germany is an international responsibility. As an on-the-spot observer, he recalls the years of the Weimar Republic. The victorious Allies, he holds, almost criminally hobbled and neglected post-war Germany's pacific, democratic leaders. Mr. Jordan is essentially a gentle man, but he cannot conceal his bitterness over such harsh policies as the French occupation of the Ruhr—a bitterness which may do less than justice to French suffering at German hands and French fear of insecurity. But when he cites the record to show Allied leaders' incredible inability (or unwillingness) to recognize the menace in Italian and German fascism, he goes a long way toward proving his major point.

What makes his argument especially interesting is his manner of stating it. Mr. Jordan writes in easy, down-to-earth, conversational style when he is reporting. He had wide personal acquaintance with German liberals and conservatives. He spent many a *Bierabend* with old cronies and friends, talking about the rise of Hitler, the course of appeasement, the approaching cataclysm. Once the Nazis came to power and war began, a *Bierabend* had to be passed in the secrecy of a non-Nazi cellar. In time the terror eliminated them.

For the Brown terror Mr. Jordan has nothing but utter condemnation. He insists it must never be forgotten—and this is basic in his argument—that the Nazis first applied strong-arm methods to their own countrymen, that the first nation to be defeated by Hitler was Germany. Long before Maidanek there was Dachau. And the first European "underground" to take up the

fight against the Nazis was the German.

What the Germans have endured at the hands of their Nazi conquerors has never been fully comprehended, though an inkling has emerged in "The Seventh Cross," "Out of the Night," and international reports on the liquidation of German Jews. Mr. Jordan does not tell the full story, or even pretend he has the material for the telling. But he does have some fresh and highly interesting information on an underground leader who figured prominently and mysteriously in last summer's news about the abortive "Generals' Putsch" against Hitler.

The leader was (or is, since he may still be alive, despite a Nazi announcement of his execution) Dr. Carl Friederich Goerdeler, Mayor of Leipzig, who defiantly resigned when the Nazis destroyed his city's monument to the "non-Aryan" Mendelssohn. Around this anti-Nazi, known as "Mr. X," secretly gathered an important, if impotent, opposition. In political terms it seems to have been a center and right group, containing the remnant of German democrats. Mr. Jordan had an amazing series of contacts with Goerdeler. From one interview came the title of this book. "Beyond all the fronts and in the midst of the havoc," said Goerdeler, "I believe a solidarity of decent [German] people was maintained in the spirit. . . ."

It is for these decent people, driven underground, dispersed, stupified, silent, and shackled, for whom Mr. Jordan pleads. His words have a deeply Christian ring. "Charity ought to be our prime motive," he holds, "in approaching the issues of the peace." He isn't too clear just what charitable lines the peace should take. He speaks sternly against a "shallow materialism" in any new order that will succeed the last new order. The great lesson he has learned in three decades is this: "Only in the spiritual brotherhood of humanity can there be real peace, and the Lord has no stepchildren."

This is a far cry from the dominant feeling, say, the Russians have for the Germans, or Americans have for the Japanese. How, indeed, will the world resolve the conflict between the Old Testament's eye-for-an-eye and the New Testament's turn-the-other-cheek?

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

This week we have ten characters from song and story whose wearing apparel was out of the ordinary. How many of them can you identify? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 for the story in which he appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 28.

1. He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin, a coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin.

2. In a mistaken attempt to win his lady love, he wore yellow stockings and crossed garters, a garb which she loathed.

3. He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, and his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

4. He wore a belt on which he had stitched the motto: "Seven at one blow."

5. The uniform 'e wore was nothin' much before an' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind.

6. He wore a beautiful cravat (or was it a belt?) that had been given to him by the king as an un-birthday present.

7. In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt he sat, and I saw him sway.

8. Because of his high ecclesiastic standing, he was allowed to wear his long underwear when he involuntarily joined a nudist colony.

9. He wore a red coat, blue trousers, and purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings.

10. His queer long coat from heel to head was half of yellow and half of red.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reporter into Romancer

THE TROUBLED MIDNIGHT. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 298 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

WAR has brought us a rich crop of straight reporting by authors whose major or even exclusive field has been that of fiction. This phenomenon did not strike us as strange or odd. It had its solid *raison d'être* and its respectable tradition going back to the Sebastopol reports of Leo Tolstoy.

Lately however, a new and—to be candid—rather bewildering development in exactly the opposite direction has seemed to be getting under way. After Robert St. John with his fictionalized tale of a war correspondent's adventures ("It's Always Tomorrow"), there comes John Gunther of well deserved "Inside"-fame with what is described on the jacket as "a tensely modern novel of love and conflict in Constantinople."

Now, while nothing could and should be said against the principle of free passage of authors from one sphere of writing into another, the concrete experience shows that the novelist-into-reporter venture has yielded, at least up to now, by far riper and tastier fruits than its counterpart—Mr. Gunther's novel experiment included. For, with all his great gifts of observation, imagination, and narration, Mr. Gunther has written a novel which lacks the traits of mature expertness and independence so characteristic, for instance, of his "Inside Europe."

This does not mean that "The Troubled Midnight" will not satisfy and even enrapture a vast number of readers. When you don't care too much about a strictly original plot but relish, instead, fast action and melodramatic suspense and a colorful background (knowingly and often very brilliantly painted), when you prefer the clash of firmly though conventionally drawn figures with all sorts of dangers and adventures to the gradual unfolding of character; when you go for a story which opens up with the rather casual remark: "Sometimes they toss a child under your car. Unpleasant, what?" and which offers you, as a tiny side-dish, so early as page two, a "corpse stuffed into a mail sack and shipped by Lufthansa plane" from Constantinople to Sofia; when you take pleasure in encountering those ever glamorous people of the spy romance world: the beautiful American girl with a somewhat stormy past but an unspoiled heart and the most radiant eyes "the color of strong coffee lifted out of the cup in a silver spoon," and an enigmatic Gestapo agent ruined by love, and a Secret Service man looking "British by dedication," and a topaz-eyed Hungarian dancer, and poker faced diplomatists, and sad Greek waiters, and jolly O.W.I. boys, and the whole motley crew of a big neutral listening post and rumor plant in the Europe of 1944 . . . then Mr. Gunther has written *the* book for you, and it would be unfair to disclose the turns of the plot. Go out and get your copy *today!*

As for me, much as I admire Mr. Gunther's art of reporting and his courage as experimenter in a field entirely new to him, I have to confess that I belong to a category of reader for whom this kind of fiction holds but scant temptation and little enjoyment. But perhaps I am altogether mistaken. Perhaps this is the real stuff novels have to be made of. Thomas Mann, for instance, is quoted as having said that Mr. Gunther's book "is filled with the atmosphere of our time . . . its characters are so real and convincing that one believes to know some of them personally."

This certainly is some judgment, and it ought to tip the scale heavily in favor of "The Troubled Midnight." However, it should be remembered that Thomas Mann has just emerged from a long period of dwelling in biblical times. It seems, therefore, permitted to assume, with all due respect, that the meeting of coffee-in-silver-spoon-eyed Leslie Corcoran with her twentieth century demeanor, entanglements, adventures, and ideas on life and love must have been quite an extraordinary experience after so many years of serene literary intercourse with enchanting yet inevitably a bit mummified Madam Potiphar, let alone the less attractive members of Pharaoh Amenhotep's court—and that this unique experience might have lent, in the eyes of Dr. Mann, to the whole novel an additional charm which we simply fail to perceive.

John Gunther

How Voyage Safely

By Winfield Townley Scott

AND so awoke at midnight at midsea
Deep in the shuddering ship, and knew the chill
Black waters pressing in upon my blood
That tore me out of sleep and battered my heart;

And shelved below the swaying waves could hear
Voices of stewards did not know this horror
But walked away and faded talking far
Off from my ether country and the bell of death;

And rode wide-eyed into the ocean gulley
Thick with a false heat and the smell of wood
As though a house were mad and wildly strayed
From its environment and now would snap;

And carried me toward an inevitable hell
With murmurs, *This is no dream after all,*
That mounted drumming into scalding screams,
And I entangled in a sheeted sweat;

And waited for the long slide under water:
First easy, then the chandeliers and coral
Bumping together, and last the soft enmeshing
Of girders, weeds, mud, and the eyes of the dead;

And thought, Whatever made us hope to voyage
Safely: no more than bugs a moment clinging
To a thin fin once arched out of this wallow
Halfway from Europe to America.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Thief" of Everlasting Fame

AMERIGO VESPUCCI: PILOT MAJOR. By Frederick J. Pohl. New York: Columbia University Press. 1944. 205 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE reputation of Amerigo Vespucci has had remarkable ups and downs, both mostly quite undeserved. On the basis of four letters which he almost certainly did not write, he became the eponymous hero of two continents neither of which he discovered and one of which he never even saw. No other human being has his name written so large upon the globe or can boast an equal certainty of being forever unforgotten. With that glory came calumny; and Amerigo became, for some generations of essayists and literary historians, the typical thief of fame. They were not content with abusing him for arrogating to himself the lettering on the map which should have spelled the name of Columbus—a matter of which he was quite innocent. They blackguarded him freely to boot as an "ignorant boatswain," a "vain, presumptuous supercargo," and a "lying Florentine huckster," although on evidence that has always been available he was a scholar and a gentleman, a curious and alert inquirer in natural science, and a pilot of credit among the foremost maritime nations of his day.

In the last fifty years the pendulum has swung back. It should always have been clear that Amerigo was not to blame because a German cosmographer spread his name over the blank spaces of a new continent. As soon as critical scholarship examined them it became clear that the famous "Four Letters," which took in the German, were some sort of jumbled echo or garbled copy of a rather different document. Since Magnaghi's study of the texts in 1926 there has been little doubt in the minds of those who have followed the subject that Vespucci did not write the absurd "Four Letters" and that he did write three others on the same general theme full of honesty, intelligence, and connon sense. Meanwhile, from the archives of Lisbon and Seville and Florence more of Amerigo's real story has emerged. It was high time that someone made available to the general public what is known of the admirable explorer after whom the land masses of the Western Hemisphere are named. In doing so, Frederick Pohl has performed a service to letters and scholarship.

One could wish that he had done no more. But a biographer is under a terrible temptation to see his subject a little larger than life. There is excellent evidence that Vespucci was the first to realize that the land mass of South America was large enough to be called a continent and that it was not a part of Asia. There is no satisfactory evidence at all that he placed it correctly in relation to Asia, as Mr. Pohl would have us believe, or that he estimated the circumference of the globe more accurately than the well informed among his contemporaries. There is adequate evidence that Vespucci was more ambitious and adept at celestial navigation than Columbus or than most of the other practical pilots of his day. But it is possible to assert that he was centuries in advance of his time in the determination of longitude only by giving him the benefit of some very dubious assumptions.

Vespucci was no more modest than most Renaissance Florentines, and he was well enough trained in science to understand what he was doing, yet he never advanced the claims his biographer makes for him. Perhaps, if such shades as he follow at all the vicissitudes of their earthly fame, he would be little grateful to a partisan who seeks for him a reputation as unlikely to be lasting as one based on the "Four Letters." In his genuine letters Vespucci was above all a realist. Those letters, done into clear and vigorous English, you may now read for yourself, and judge for yourself what manner of man Vespucci was. Although Mr. Pohl's biography of him is always entertaining, usually scholarly, and often persuasive, a book which, on its own merits, is a must for all those who have discovered the fascination of the early voyagers, the principal service it does the memory of its hero is to make generally available the genuine texts of Vespucci's own letters.

Observations and Decantations

THE ADVENTURES OF THE YOUNG SOLDIER IN SEARCH OF THE BETTER WORLD. By C. E. M. Joad. New York: Arco Publishing Co. 1944. 160 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

A PHOTOGRAPH of the author reading in his library adorns this volume, a point concerning which George Ade once said his say. On the top shelf above him stand a bust of Socrates and a decanter, which last seems an appropriate piece of incongruity. The blurb on the jacket declares that the author's style is "a rich, sophisticated blend of Voltaire, Justice Holmes, and Woollcott." The reviewer for his part has been unable so far to see any resemblance. The compliment would be suspect, even if it were not blatant and absurd.

Though Professor Joad is on the side of the angels, one wonders if he helps them much with his clowning. He mocks laboriously at men and tendencies, some of them pretty generally disapproved of by persons of good will. He doesn't like bureaucracy, or fascism, or Lord Vansittart, or Aldous Huxley, or Gerald Heard, though, as if to prove that depreciation is not all the art he knows, at the end of the book he makes some kindly observations concerning—Professor Joad. In short, as the reader may have gathered, the reviewer's sympathy with the work is almost studied in its imperfection.

One ought, however, to be as fair-minded as possible. The book seems to the reviewer to be at once trifling and heavy-handed, but Professor Joad's personality has made itself felt in England at the crisis of her fate. And since that takes some doing, one not unnaturally asks how it was done. The answer is not particularly difficult. Professor Joad belongs on the lecture platform or in front of a microphone. He can address a crowd. He is less skilful with an individual reader. The slapdash methods he employs are doubtless effective enough in a classroom or in the lobby of an inn where some tired air-warden turns the knob at the appointed hour. Something in the timber of the voice suggests what is lost when the simple and even naive discussion is reduced to type. One has known dozens of professors (particularly of philosophy) who could raise the potential of any lecture hall to astronomical voltages, but O God!, their articles in learned periodicals! "Read 'em and sleep!"

Professor Joad had the courage during World War I to suffer the penalties incurred at that time by militant pacifists. He has altered his views since then, which to the reviewer seems logically and psychologically necessary. That's all to the good. But he hopes Professor Joad's next book won't sound like Platonic dialectic dealcoholized so as to make it safe for Radio. And he hopes especially, for Professor Joad's own sake, that never again will a printer's devil call his style "a rich sophisticated blend of Voltaire, Justice Holmes, and Woollcott." The reviewer is still wondering which of the four was most damaged by that majestic bit of bathos.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pioneering in Psychoanalysis

FREUD'S CONTRIBUTION TO PSYCHIATRY. By A. A. Brill, M. D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1944. 234 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by KARL MENNINGER

IT is to the credit of the Committee on the Salmon Lectures, the series of annual addresses by distinguished psychiatrists given in commemoration of Dr. Thomas Salmon, chief of the Neuropsychiatric Service in the Army in World War I, that A. A. Brill of New York was selected for the 1943 lectures. His contribution to American psychiatry has been a unique and important one. It was an appropriate introduction to his seventieth year that he should be asked to summarize the contributions of Freud to psychiatry. This book represents in expanded form the contents of the Salmon Lectures.

To Brill belongs the undisputed credit for having introduced psychoanalysis to America, both to the medical profession and to the lay public. It was he who first reported to American physicians the work of the Viennese group, it was he who made the first translations of many of Freud's articles, it was he who coöperated in arranging the visit of Freud to America, and it has been he who sturdily and persistently urged the importance of the psychoanalytic point of view in neurological and psychiatric medical meetings year after year, in spite of criticism, ridicule, misrepresentation, and rejection. Early in his career he enlisted the backing of at least two great minds, Smith Ely Jelliffe of New York and William Alanson White of Washington. That American psychiatry has become so generally a dynamic psychoanalytic psychiatry is ascribable to the joint efforts of these three pioneers.

Brill gives full credit for his own instigation and inspiration to Dr. Frederick Peterson, a very remarkable, gifted man to whom the people of New York State owe a great debt on other scores. As Brill reminds us it was Frederick Peterson who worked tirelessly for the establishment of the Craig Colony for Epileptics and made it an early model institution of its kind; it was Peterson who appointed Professor Adolf Meyer director of the New York Psychiatric Institute; it was Peterson who reorganized the administrative system of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene; it was Peterson who urged the first English translation of Kraepelin, resulting in the introduction into the United States of a new and influential point of view in clinical psychiatry; it was Peterson who worked diligently to bring about the institution of regular psychiatric examinations of aliens at various ports of immigration, and it was Peterson who originally recommended Dr. Thomas Salmon to be the first psychiatrist for Ellis Island. At a time when psychiatry was held in general disrepute by students and the medical profession, this dignified, intelligent, far-visioned man strove to inspire his students with a sympathetic interest in the boundless scope and significance of the field of psychiatry. Finally, it was Frederick Peterson who introduced A. A. Brill to psychiatry, who encouraged him to remain a psychiatrist when his interests wavered, who told him about the work of Freud, and who urged him to go and study it. Peterson retained his enthusiasm for psychoanalysis for many years, and assisted in the translation of one of the early and important books about it. It is a curious and saddening fact that in 1919, not a great while before his death, he suddenly reversed his stand and announced that hereafter he would oppose the further extension of psychoanalysis which indirectly he had done so much to further.

Brill conscientiously records in this little volume the history of the development of psychoanalysis and of Freud's thinking from the days of Breuer's cathartic method through the development of psychoanalytic theory applied to psychiatric concepts and to religion, art, and anthropology. The main outline of Freud's ideas is given with no attempt at exhaustive thoroughness; the way Freud came to encounter a particular problem, the way in which he went about solving it, and the solution he arrived at are all included in the flowing, comfortable, almost colloquial account of the author. In many instances Dr. Brill cites cases of his own which illustrate the points made by Freud.

From the standpoint of content the most important part of this book to those interested in psychoanalysis will be that section of it which relates to the early events of psychoanalysis. In this the significant part played by Brill has already been referred to; no one is better qualified than he to review the attitudes, ideas, and events of those days. For his part particularly every psychiatrist welcomes this book.

Although the book faithfully lives up to its title, it is really almost as much a book about Brill as about Freud. This is not to imply that there is any immodest or egotistical self-

Sigmund Freud

exploitation. On the contrary, the author is not concerned with advancing any ideas of his own. He is justly proud of his early experiences with Freud, his early efforts on behalf of psychoanalysis, and his translations, but it is Freud's theories, not Brill's theories, that are presented. Nevertheless, Freud's theories have been printed before. The value of this book is really the light it throws on the first American representative of psychoanalysis.

For many years those of us who have attended meetings of the American Psychiatric, the Neurological, and Medical Associations have been accustomed to the sight of a rather short, chubby, rosy-cheeked man who charged into the discussion of papers with his head thrown back, his eyes snapping, and his smile radiating good humor. Marching to the rostrum he inevitably took up the cudgels for psychoanalysis. In spite of a somewhat strong accent his short, simple declarative sentences left no doubt as to what he was talking about. There were no graceful allusions, no elliptic evasions, no ambiguous semi-endorsements or semi-criticisms. In the matter presented, he would say, psychoanalysis would have thrown this light on it; Freud showed very clearly that such-and-such was often true and it would certainly appear to have been true here, a fact which colleagues Brown and Smith seem not to have noticed at all, and which to colleagues Jones and Baker seems preposterous only because they persist in a proud ignorance of the elementary facts discovered by psychonanalysis.

Such tactics inevitably antagonized, amused, or bored some members of the audience. But personal popularity was never Brill's objective. By persistent hammering, by unfailing humor and optimism, and by shrewd,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pointed arguments and illustrations he succeeded in establishing and holding a bridgehead which less intrepid and more tactful followers have anchored and extended.

Brill has been compared to Columbus, with whom he shares a birth date; he is perhaps more aptly compared to Huxley, who did for Darwin what Brill—in this country—did for Freud. He came to America at thirteen, with three cents in his pocket, and earned his first livelihood here teaching English (!) and violin. This penchant for teaching was denied its direct official expression in later years not, as in the case of Freud, because of his being a Jew, but because psychoanalysis was not and is not yet considered a subject for medical school instruction. Throughout his life, however, Brill remained a teacher.

Within the field itself Brill has always insisted that he was a physician first, a psychiatrist by specialization, and a psychoanalyst only in the sense that psychoanalysis is a technique and point of view within psychiatry. This is a uniquely American point of view, one not shared by Freud or by some of the earlier American and European disciples of Freud. But it has now come to prevail universally here.

Brill as a translator, interpreter, teacher, champion, clinician leaves something to be said still of Brill as a writer and Brill as a scholar. His best friends would not maintain that Brill is gifted as a stylist, as a phrase-maker, as a literary artist. He cannot even be said always to write plain simple English; his rhetoric and grammar falter at times. But in the main he conveys his ideas clearly and with considerable force. His paragraphs bristle with the first person singular pronoun without conveying an offensive impression of egotism. This quality of childlike lack of self-consciousness, combined with his loyalty to Freud and his enthusiasm for the whole subject, gives his style a Boswellian flavor of which not the least that can be said is that it is never dull.

As a scholar Brill deserves more credit than he usually receives. His familiarity with the Greek literary and philosophical classics is such that he has contributed several important studies showing the parallelisms of Freud's thinking to that of the ancients.

One criticism of this book from a technical standpoint would be the mislabelling of chapters. "The Struggle of the Psychic Forces in the Neuroses," for example, scarcely touches on this topic; "Mourning, Melancholia, and Compulsions" never gets around to the discussion of compulsions; "Psychoanalysis, Art, and Religion" barely mentions Freud's crowning work "Moses and Monotheism" in which Freud revised and expanded his concept of the meaning of religion and of the conflict between monotheism and polytheism in the modern world; of all this, nothing. (Brill does give a short paragraph to this book in a later chapter.) In the chapter on "Instinct" there is nothing about Freud's final version of the instinct theory and his conception of the conflict of life and death forces in the modification of personality. According to the index, the death instinct is mentioned on one page but I cannot find it, even on that page! In view of the fact that this would seem to be the greatest theoretical contribution of Freud and was certainly in Freud's own opinion the most significant aspect of the development of his theory, it is curious that it should be completely omitted, whatever the author's private opinion of it may be.

In conclusion I would say that for those vitally interested in psychoanalysis the historical material of this book, particularly the first half, will be welcomed gratefully and enthusiastically. As a summary of psychoanalysis as a whole it has the merit of clarity, simplicity, and vividness and the demerit of incompleteness and imperfect organization, but because it represents the spirit of a minor prophet who had the genius of being able to recognize a major prophet it will remain a classic in psychoanalytic literature for all time.

A Tale of Youthful Tribulations

STEPHEN HERO. By James Joyce. A New Directions Book. 1944. 234 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT POST

IN 1938 the Harvard College Library bought in Paris a number of James Joyce manuscripts. One of them turned out to be the closing part of an early draft of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." The story which went with that discovery had it that "when the manuscript came back to its author after the twentieth publisher had rejected it [James Joyce] threw it in the fire, from which Mrs. Joyce, at the risk of burning her hands, rescued these pages."

These pages, published now with all the loving care they deserve, must, I am sure, have as much appeal to the completely uninitiated as to those who will be tempted to make their comparisons, philological or historical, between Joyce's final text and the present version. Its being a torso only adds to the admiration for its writer's genius; although the period of Stephen Daedalus's life covered by what was left of Joyce's manuscript corresponds to not more than ninety-three pages of the published "Portrait," the reader finds himself at once in the midst of as moving a story of youthful tribulations as ever has been written.

Already Joyce's "naturalism" with all its wealth of multi-levelled and multi-faceted details displays in this draft some of the pecularities which were to carry him so far beyond the heritage of nineteenth-century art with which he approached what one tends to believe he quite early recognized as his life task. But one cannot help feeling that he would have become the unique artist he was whatever the road his talent might have taken. Just listen to this one scene—there are not many, if any, of its overwhelming power and grandeur in pre-Joycian literature!

> Stephen was present in the room when his sister died. As soon as her mother had been alarmed the priest was sent for. He was a diminutive man who carried his head mostly on his right shoulder and spoke in a lisping voice which was not very easily heard. He heard the girl's confession and went away saying, "Leave it to God: He knows best: leave it to God." The doctor came with Mr. Daedalus on a car, examined the girl and asked had she seen a priest. He went away saying that while there was little life there was hope but that she was very low; he would call in the morning. Isabel died a little after midnight. Her father who was not quite sober walked about the room on tiptoe, cried in little fits every time his daughter showed a change and kept on saying, "That's right, duckey: take that now," whenever her mother forced her to swallow a little champagne and then nodded his head until he began to cry afresh. He kept telling everyone to keep her spirits up. Maurice sat down by the empty fireplace and gazed in the grate. Stephen sat at the head of the bed and held his sister's hand, her mother bending over her offering her the glass and kissing and praying. Isabel seemed to Stephen to have grown very old: her face had become a woman's face. Her eyes turned constantly between the two figures nearest to her as if to say she had been wronged in being given life and, at Stephen's word, she gulped down whatever was offered her. When she could swallow no more her mother said to her, "You are going home, dear, now. You are going to heaven where we all meet again. Don't you know? . . . Yes, dear . . . Heaven, with God," and the child fixed her great eyes on her mother's face while her bosom began to heave loudly beneath the bedclothes.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Craftsmanship in Screen-writing

THE TECHNIQUE OF SCREENPLAY WRITING. By Eugene Vale. New York: Crown Publishers. 1944. 274 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RING LARDNER, JR.

THE fact that a great many mediocre motion pictures are produced might logically lead the critical observer to one of two conclusions. He could deduce, on the one hand, that screenwriters generally are an incompetent lot. Or, noting that a considerable number of accomplished novelists and playwrights have transferred their talents to Hollywood, and that some of these have been responsible for the least satisfactory pictures, he might conclude that the screen was a rather specialized and difficult form of writing.

But the majority of American motion picture reviewers have selected to ignore both these alternatives and to embrace the curious theory that pictures aren't written at all—that the screenwriter merely transcribes the broad outline of a story from the producer's dictation and that the details, such as what to photograph and what to have the characters say, are decided extemporaneously by the director on the set.

It was encouraging, therefore, to hear that Eugene Vale had written a book called "The Technique of Screenplay Writing," which sounded as if it might serve not only to raise the level of creative standards in Hollywood itself, but also to expose the peculiar critical mythology which refuses to recognize the existence of the screenplay. It is extremely disappointing to have to report that Mr. Vale, either from ignorance or an unhappy lack of analytical powers, has devoted 274 pages (wartime format at that) to mechanical and repetitious formulations of the obvious without ever getting around to the major aspects of screenplay technique. And it is positively appalling, considering the title of the book, to find the author himself an enraptured worshipper of the false gods of the motion picture.

Producers, actors, cameramen, and even special effects departments have been enshrined at various times by picture reviewers, but Mr. Vale subscribes to the most common form of delusion—the deification of the director. In a purported textbook of screenplay writing he cites many pictures to exemplify his points, in no case mentioning the name of the writer—an omission which would have only negative significance were it not for the fact that in almost every instance he takes great pains to identify the director and to attribute to him, either directly or by implication, the creation of the screenplay.

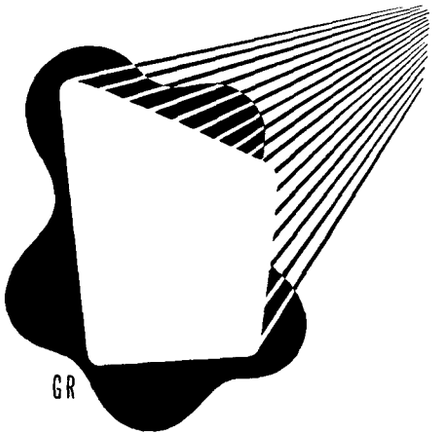
In order not only to illustrate this one of many shortcomings in the book under discussion, but to dispel, as much as a single specific example can, the widespread confusion on this subject, I will cite a particular reference of Mr. Vale's and quote from the screenplay in question.

Mr. Vale writes:

> A truly wonderful example of coordination was in "The Letter," the film with Bette Davis, which William Wyler directed. The purpose was to show the death-like silence of a plantation. Silence is the lack of noise, but mere lack of noise is not expressive enough for silence. So William Wyler showed sombre plants, closed shutters, sleeping people. They all visually represented quiet and silence. Suddenly the quiet was interrupted by a shot. The visual representation of silence was interrupted by sound.

Here (somewhat abridged) is the scene in question from the screenplay of "The Letter," by Howard Koch:

> BOOM SHOT
> IN THE RUBBER TRACT
> NIGHT
>
> between two rows of trees. The brilliant white light of a moon filters through the trees. The ground between is striped with the evenly-spaced black shadows of the rubber trees which are planted ten feet abreast in columns twenty feet apart. The CAMERA begins to climb with the trunks of the trees until it is even with their crests which stir gently in a soft wind. From this elevation we see a clearing some distance away, and in it is a cluster of buildings with only one lighted window, evidently in the main house of the planter. . . . The CAMERA drops down to the clearing and draws up to the first shed, where the tapping tools are stacked for the night. . . . The CAMERA never pauses in its deliberate investigation of the slumbering plantation. As it moves along we catch a glimpse of a pair of large hounds stretched out on the ground, fast asleep. The CAMERA continues to move in front of a drying shed, where sheets of pale crepe rubber are hanging down from slender teak poles. This building is loosely constructed and the slight wind which is blowing in through the cracks rustles the sheets of drying rubber. . . . The CAMERA NOW PANS to a bunkhouse opposite the drying shed. . . . PULLS CLOSE to the outside of the long house, and MOVES in front of several windows. In the room we dimly see hammocks with sleeping figures. The CAMERA comes to a porch on one end of the bunk-house and PASSES several native boys asleep under mosquito netting. . . . Suddenly there is a shot and a man's shout at some distance off scene.



IN making the proper distinction between the processes of writing and directing I do not intend to belittle the latter, for every professional screenwriter knows that the director's interpretation of his work can improve or harm it to a considerable extent and that the proper integration of the two functions, either by close collaboration or combining them in a single individual, has produced some of Hollywood's best pictures. One of the few estimates in which I agree with Mr. Vale is his description of William Wyler in another part of the book as "a superb craftsman."

What I wish to make clear is that motion pictures, like novels, plays, poems, and short stories, are written, and that the screenplay is the primary and creative part of picture making, to which all other functions are secondary and interpretative. It is true that the screen director has more varied means of expression at his disposal than the stage director has, but this difference is equally, and more basically, true of the screenwriter as contrasted with the playwright. For the latter expresses himself primarily in the form of dialogue, while the screenwriter gives equal attention to visual symbols, to continuous progression in terms of action, and to the concentration of emphasis through the camera.

The only possible justification I can see for the custom of deprecating the role of the screenwriter lies in the fact that the majority of screenplays are derived from some prior written material. But even here, to consider just one aspect of the subject for a moment, the custom takes a rather extreme form. I recall a recent review by John Lardner in *The New Yorker* of "None But the Lonely Heart," which discussed the picture as if there were no intermediate process between Richard Llewellyn's novel and the finished film. Yet I doubt that any dramatic critic ever reviewed the plays "Rain" and "Dodsworth," for example, as if the directors and actors had started into rehearsal with copies of Somerset Maugham and Sinclair Lewis.

The fact is that the successful adaptation of a play or a novel to the screen

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is often a more difficult art than the writing of a play, novel, or motion picture by a single creator in the medium for which it was conceived. Mr. Vale chooses to devote only a page and a half to the subject but he makes one of his rare good points when he says, "It is better to speak of transformation than of adaptation, because adaptation sounds more like shortening, cutting, and rearranging. But transformation means to extract the content from one form and pour it into another." This is a sound observation which could be amplified at great length. I can only take the space here to make one point which might suggest some of the difficulties involved. A motion picture, running on the average about eighty minutes, must drastically reduce both the number and length of incidents in the average novel. If the screenplay merely selected certain incidents and shortened them, it would mean either that the picture could not possibly cover the same scope of content or else that only a fraction of the original novel was necessary to that content.

It has probably become apparent without my admitting it that I am employing the ancient device of expressing some ideas of my own in the guise of reviewing Mr. Vale's book. But there is a close relation between what I am saying and the disservice which "The Technique of Screenplay Writing" does to its supposed subject. For what the author has accomplished in effect is to degrade the whole art of the motion picture by endlessly expounding definitions of terms which would be immediately comprehensible to anyone who could conceivably become a writer in any medium.

The entire book is written in the same limpid expository style. Mr. Vale manages to discourse for pages on the subject of characterization without once rising above the self-evident. "We find first," he writes, "that it is necessary to know the approximate age of the male or female individual, for the different ages have considerable influence upon the behavior of the human being." I read this passage aloud to Hugo Butler, an outstanding young screenwriter, who immediately protested that Mr. Vale had skipped two primary points in the art of characterization. "The sex of the individual has to be determined," Mr. Butler commented, "and even before that you have to decide whether the person is to be characterized as alive or dead."

Mr. Vale's one undeniable contribution has been to make clear the need for a critical study of screenwriting on the level of John Howard Lawson's "Theory and Technique of Playwriting." Such a work might serve to clarify film-making for the reviewer and through him for the general public.

Another Letter to Lord C—

February 7, 1945

LONG years have past, my Lord, since I was first appetized and then seduced by the publick ingratiations of your merchandize. You know from Mr BOSWELL that I had always a high opinion of the sedative influence of smoking, though not then a participant. But your repetitive solicitations invited experiment, and I formed a gust for tobacco. To enjoyment supervened habit; habit hardened to immoderation; immoderation became necessity. What had been rare and casual grew constant and compulsive.

And now, my Lord, when bound in aromatic chains and firmly habituated to your soothing benisons, they are coldly withdrawn. I wait a stranger in your outward rooms, or am repulsed from your counter. Daily I peregrinate a whole synod of tobacconists; vain visitation without a word of encouragement. It is but the triumph of hope over experience. Yet also daily, whether in publick print and billboard or in the garrulities of aether, I am advertized to prosecute my indulgence.

Is a Merchant, my Lord, one who aggravates abstinence by reminders of lost luxury? Who looks with frigid unconcern upon a man famished for a fag, yet exasperates deprivation with renewed enticements and coloured placards?

A denicotined society may be numbered among the vicissitudes of Compleat War. But chearful consuetude is not lightly ruptured. A chasm is made which nothing can fill up. The world's stock of harmless pleasure is diminished. If all the tobaccos were sent to our military abroad, no citizen but would acquiesce in equal forbearance; but even the soldiers desiderate, and write home begging auxiliary supply.

The honest tradesman is impelled to embarrassed favouritism. He must juggle his petty stock among customers best known or most roughly insistent. He is cajoled without sincerity and reproached without cause. In epidemick anxiety the populace vibrate from shop to shop, or elongate endurance at street corners to seize trash goods unknown before. *Nil fumabilis a me alienum puto!* Who is pleased to abstain from what more flexile conscience can procure? Fair market is blackened by subterfuge and turpitude. Let all be abstinent, or none. Would scarcity be abated by one Smokeless Day a week? If so, let it be oecumenical, from White House to Grub Street.

To continue publick suggestion where there is no prospect of private relief is either wanton sport or stark insensibility. I speak not in mere self-love, for months ago, in apprehension of paucity, I secreted in safe-deposit at Corn-Exchange a packet of your Lordship's wares, for ignition on the Last Day. *Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeclum in favilla;* your classics, my Lord, were formerly competent. But, as I wrote you 190 years ago, your favours have been delayed till I am indifferent and smoke anything; till I am churlish and cannot offer them; till I have learned the use of a pipe and do not need them. I warned you: it is ill to trifle with the humours of a lexicographer.

Give me for the future, my Lord, either flattering hope or candid knowledge; or a balanced blend of both; and let us keep our friendship in repair. So I may be

Your Lordship's most humble
most craving servant

SAM. JOHNSON
(per Christopher Morley)

S.J./c.m.

Fraser Young's
Literary Crypt: No. 86

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 86 will be found in the next issue.

AG QIIS NOP DUPPIV UMXUZT

HOV NOUV, SARJ NOP DUPPIV

UMXUZT FAHOTV AV.

—JOPSZ HAMOT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 85

FIDDLERS, DOGS AND FLIES
COME TO FEASTS UNCALLED.
—DAVID FERGUSSON.—
SCOTTISH PROVERBS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

December in Dakota

BEN RAY REDMAN

(Lines Written After Being Over-sold by Poets Who Would Sell Us on Our Own, Our Own, Our Native Land)

THE sky is a bowl and the sun climbs up it,
Early in Maine, but later in Dakota:
Saturday night is the bath-night in both,
Linking the two, saying Minnesota,
Saying America in anybody's language,
Seminole, Creek and Cherokee,
From Oregon to Sarasota,
From the Delaware Gap to Crooked Knee.

Father was killed on the Natchez trace,
Over a matter of living-space,
While his mother-in-law ran first.

Sun over Memphis, sun on the Carolines,
Making days warmer than if it were not,
And the fog in the throat and the latent laughter
Of ghostly dancers dreaming through the dusk,
Saying, "This is enough," and, "That is too much,"
Filling the glasses, emptying the glasses,
Asking each other if the odor of musk
Was really intended.

But if you asked that you didn't know Miss Leigh,
Flat as a hoe-cake, two-dimensional,
For whom nothing was unintentional.

Timothy, dimity, bees and clover,
Riding the rains like a questing child,
Tomorrow is only today that's over,
In these parts April is seldom mild.

Yet when you put the harness in the tack-room
And close the barn door and go in through the kitchen,
Smelling the pork and the parsnips
And the minister's cigar, you wonder
Why we are here and what we are doing
And if it would not be just as well if we weren't.

For the mind goes back to the granite ledges,
The likeliest lustre, the deepest crease,
The edge of the lake where the sweetest sedge is,
The edge of the cloud, or the buried lease.

Softly, softly, don't come near us,
We like the dark for our very own,
Once in a century you can hear us:
When we are heard we are not alone.
They called it a wraith on the garden path
And lit the bayberry candle.
Father married a Miss McGrath,
Whose mother's name was Randell.

In those days everyone kept going West,
Farther and farther as if they wanted
To get the East out of their bones,
Which they finally did
When they crossed the Rockies and hit the Slope,
Saying, "The Great Divide, but if we strike
It Rich we won't divide," saying, "Gold here
And copper there and silver behind us,
And silver senators are something new
Or will be when they walk the length
Of Pennsylvania Avenue,
Chewing and spitting under a big black hat."

But why pretend that everyone is Connolly
When some of us are Rosenthal?
And in the fall the leaves descend
Making a blanket for the earth
To keep it warm against the cold.
Because the earth is very old,
And tired and round and all we have.

So the road ran West, but a road must end,
And this one stopped at Hominy Bend.

"A nice girl, but drunkee."
It was Nick the sailor called the turn,
They all looked up when she came in.
Tall and blonde and a trifle thin,
But not too much diminished:
And the only reason Schmidt went home
Was because his drink was finished.

(But the elves betimes in the other room,
Darklier, deep, and cosy—
Turning back on an older track,
Laurel for luck and ferns for fun—
Gathered a mountain posy.)

And then America sang.

You could hear it in the barrooms of a half a hundred towns,
You could hear it in the rustle of the graduating gowns,
The Betas and the Kappas and the Gammas and the Keys,
The Sigmas and the Thetas (have we had enough of these?)
This massive education, this universal thing
Is not the way that we were taught
In Hellas, once, to sing.

The hard way, the hard way,
It always was the hard way:
Slaves out East and chaps out East,
And ships at old Piraeus,
While slouches on couches lay down to dine
With the world's best talk and Chian wine—
And we were there before you.

But we left the girl
In a bit of a whirl
With Nick the sailor
Hard as a nailer
Tough as knotty pine:
With an olive skin and a lovely shine
On the seat of his pants
Where he used to sit.
Wouldn't you do it, too?

God! What a country it turned out to be,
From Hominy Bend to Crooked Knee,
And writers like you, and some like me,
Catching the interurban.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

EDITORIAL BOARD

Norman Cousins
Editor

Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman, Editorial Board

Amy Loveman
William Rose Benét
John Mason Brown
Associate Editors

Bennett Cerf
Harrison Smith
Contributing Editors

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President

Contents Copyrighted, 1945, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

THE BABY WITH THE BATH

PRESIDENT GIDEONSE'S survey in the last issue of the *Review* of educational problems ahead is a fine example of how a controversial question can be lifted out of the underbrush of prejudice and misunderstanding until its angles are sharp and clear. What follows is only an appendix containing the reflections of one reader.

All educators seem to agree that in the future there must be a definite core of education which educated men will share in common as a result of their schooling, something like the definite core of a medieval training when the Christian world was a relative unity. It cannot, for obvious reasons, be the same core, for it is not the same world. The traditionalists in our modern controversy insist that in the humanities this core shall be the best that has been thought and written throughout the ages. The progressives insist that it shall consist of such educational subjects as may best relate the student to the world in which he is actually living. They note that even the Greeks considered the adaptation of the body to its environment before they began to deal in absolutes.

It occurs to one observer that the dispute, realistically seen, is actually not so much one of theories as of procedures. The most convinced modernist would not deny that the cultural inheritance from Greek, Roman, and Hebrew thought has been a defining factor in Western culture, and its determining factor until the scientific age. Nor that this culture is still an indispensable part of the climate of environment to which the student's mind should be related. Nor finally that this inheritance of culture must be perpetuated in our eduucation, unless we are willing to risk a new barbarism. On the other hand, the most obstinate defender of an education by a "hundred best books" or any other system in which tradition is dominant will be unquestionably willing to concede that, unless this core of inherited beauty and wisdom is vitally related to this same environmental climate of the modern age, the educational experience will be of little value.

But if this is granted, so much is granted that the controversy may well shift to the infinitely difficult problem of how to get men and women of such calibre that a core of education is really taught. A teacher of literature unaware of the almost startling importance of the new psychologies may defeat the program of the progressives. A teacher of science or sociology illiterate in the old humanities which have shaped civilization may shock the traditionalists who see no sense of a moral direction for humanity in subjects that seem to them taught only as technology. But if we can add to our essential specialists fully developed and fully educated men and women with a capacity for leadership, only the loosest or the tightest of curriculums will prevent them from functioning.

In the teaching of literature, for instance, two chief methods are at present in use, the survey course of an age (or sometimes many ages), and the period course which deals with a group of typical masterpieces of the time. The first in the hands of a merely competent instructor can, and usually does, become nothing but a chatter of names dimly remembered by the hearers. The second in the hands of a pedant can, and too often does, become a drill in fact finding. Yet, clearly, a lecturer of talent can make a survey course an introduction and a stimulus to wide and intelligent reading, and a teacher of true ability can make a period course a training in the essence of literature, which is always written against a time and a background of its own. We prefer the second method, since the training is readily transferable to any literature. But neither will work if badly taught. Dr. Jessup's recent criticism, in his Carnegie Foundation report, of our graduate schools from which the leaders in the teaching profession should come, would indicate that he, too, felt the importance of the *man*.

Another comment on President Gideonse's article. He shows that inaccuracy in the writing and speaking of the students' own language is as much complained of in England as in America, and in supposedly conservative countries like France as in supposedly progressive countries like Russia. He suggests that the chief cause is the extension of education to new classes from environments where the need of accurate expression has never been felt. Undoubtedly he is right, yet it should be added, and particularly for America, that there is another cause which is entirely a matter of procedure. The breaking of the dead grip of an education dominated by stale teaching of the Latin and Greek classics is still so recent that many of us still count the gains without estimating the losses. One of these losses was translation. It is true that the prizing of accurate translation above any spiritual or intellectual value of the classic to be translated was one of the reasons why the whole show was closed down. But translation from another and highly developed language for the sake of accuracy and proficiency in one's own, is an entirely different objective. There is no conceivable discipline in the use of words and the accuracy of phrases equal to careful translation from another tongue, and while clear thinking must precede good writing, there is no better way of learning the methods by which clear thinking can be made articulate than the stiff discipline of translating from an excellent model. We submit that the deplorable inaccuracy in the use of their own language which can too easily be discovered among the graduates of our best colleges, who *have* been taught to think clearly, is measurably due to the modernist reformers of the curriculum, who in this instance threw out a baby with the bath.

H. S. C.

Disillusion

By A. A. Foote

It was clean,
It was brief.
As a thin-edged knife
With one descending blow
Might cleave a branch.
Quick and clean,
Leaving the juice of life,
And the scattered glow
On the leaf.

It was sure,
It was sound.
As logical as ice
To quench a sudden thrust
Of copper flame.
Quick and sure,
The ultimate device,
Leaving a silver dust
On the ground.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

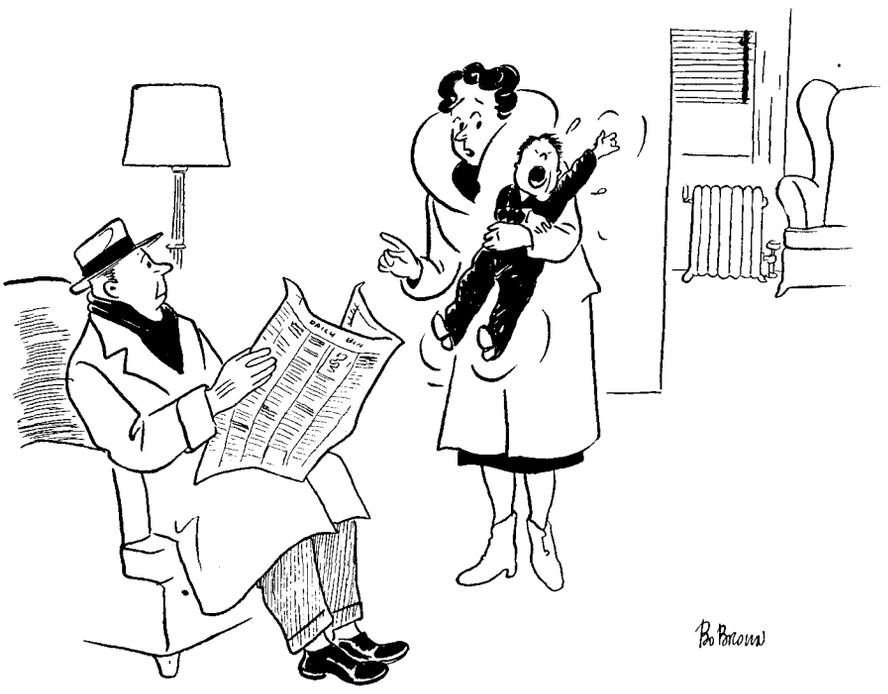
A Report on V-1 and V-2

SIR: Your readers may be interested in the following excerpt from the attached letter by Phyllis Bentley.

"Well now for a spot of news from London. V-1 and V-2 are not secrets any more, so I can tell you that they have been extremely uncomfortable even for the lucky ones who have not been hurt and had their dwelling-places damaged. My little attic flat was not at all cosy when V-1 was around. Very often I was alone in the house, and nearly always there was only Elsie (Scottish housekeeper) in the basement, with her large cat James. We supported each other. The awful *suspense* of V-1 was what got one down. The siren, the distant whirr coming louder and louder and LOUDER, the agonized wondering whether the engine was going to cut out overhead . . . it does . . . you just *cower* under the bedclothes or behind furniture to keep away from glass . . . then the crash . . . the floor waves, brown dust rises, mirrors and bottles fall down (the lock of my door was torn out by blast because I forgot to open it). You open your eyes and get up—and find that the doodle-bug really was half a mile away. What it must have been like for people who were close to or in incidents, I really don't know. Or if the engine does not cut out when it is near you, it passes over, you feel terrific relief—and immediately you feel ashamed because somebody else has died if you haven't. During the suspense one's heart beats very thick and fast. Once or twice when the doodle was about 250 yards away when it fell, I own I felt like bursting into tears when it had fallen—but if you once give way it is all up with you, so I refrained. We were lucky that it was in the summer—my windows were wide open for all the 9 weeks, to minimize the blast effect; very nice in summer, but not at all cosy now. However, that is mostly finished with now, and we have V-2 instead. Personally I don't mind it as much. If you hear the explosion you are safe, the thing has already fallen. But some people dislike the notion that they receive no warning of its approach. On the whole, however, I think London prefers V-2 to V-1. There is a very good documentary film about V-1, which begins with the sound of it; do go to see the film if it comes your way. The people who are living in damaged houses are having a most wretched time; the cold weather has started and with glassless windows and hingeless doors life is not cosy. But as for V-1 or V-2 making any difference, on the scale they reached London, to the conduct of the war, that is nonsense—all they have done is to harden the English heart against any kind of 'soft' peace."

Phyllis Bentley.

New York, N. Y. GEORGE BRETT.



"I think the apartment is haunted. . . . Junior just burned his hand on one of the radiators!"

Judgment on Shakespeare

SIR: "The most manly piece of criticism that was ever published in any country"—such is the opinion of Johnson's "Preface" to Shakespeare attributed to Adam Smith. Joseph Wood Krutch, in his delightful "Samuel Johnson," says that this suggests Johnson's "manly self-respect even when brought face to face with that poet who had the largest and most comprehensive soul," and goes on to point out that Johnson "maintains his right to pass judgment even on Shakespeare" (page 334).

But is this the aspect of Johnson's "Preface" that would most impress a contemporary with his manliness? Not many pages earlier in the same chapter, Professor Krutch has pointed out that in Johnson's time "the opinion that Shakespeare was merely a playwright rather than a writer whom the refined and instructed could take seriously was older than the opposite, and had behind it not only important names but the weight of much critical analysis" (pages 399-300); he states that the "argument in favor of Shakespeare's supreme greatness" was far from being won before Johnson wrote (page 300) and that Johnson was forced to defend Shakespeare against "the cavils of the pseudo-classicists" (page 301); it was a later generation in which the romantic Coleridge demanded "a reverential tone" in Shakespearean criticism (page 334). The whole trend of Professor Krutch's chapter inclines me to believe that Johnson appeared superlatively manly to Smith, not because he found some faults in Shakespeare—it had long been fashionable to find many—but because he so vigorously brushed aside "the cavils of the pseudo-classicists" and dared to praise Shakespeare more highly than did other literary critics of his day.

ALBERT R. CHANDLER,
Philosophy Department,
Ohio State University.

Columbus, Ohio.

Religion and Life

SIR: On page nine of the November 18 issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* Norman Angell speaks of my book. I am sure that although he intended to give brief notice in passing it off with one remark, nevertheless, he has given me credit for the very thing that I intended to do, and that is to try and bring religion down to the level of the economic and social conditions of men, so that we would not have the great hiatus between the two but would find a way through some sort of a synthesis, so that religion would be really a part of life and not something away from life. Of course, I have built this synthesis around the coöperative movement, and I think religion can really accept its principles.

It is not my intention, however, to further this argument, but merely to call to your attention, that there was a typographical error in the statement, in that the book has 113 pages, and sells for $1.25. I would also like to say that the book has not only been of interest to coöperators, but also to many business men. One business man has ordered a thousand copies, and Harpers is going into the second edition of the book. In addition to this,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2,000 copies have been printed with a paper cover, by the Coöperative League.

J. HENRY CARPENTER.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Epistolary Battle

SIR: The exchange of compliments between Messrs. Bowers and Kallen in the issue of the *Review* for January 13 crystallizes in my mind the opinion that if problems of space and paper-shortage really concern you, nothing is gained by printing these controversies over a book and its review. To be sure, the author feels he has justified himself, and the reviewer has the satisfaction of having drawn blood, but I confess that to the general reader these paper bullets of the brain leave only a sense that the writing of books is the occupation of angry men. Has any point of real value ever been thus established? I for one would much prefer to see this space devoted to more good book reviews.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.
Cambridge 38, Mass.

More Than We Thought

SIR: Just to keep the records straight I am writing you in connection with the letter of Earnest Elmo Calkins in your issue of January 20.

Mr. Calkins states that there are in the U. S. A. 14 Berlins, 10 Lisbons, 11 Moscows, 10 Dublins, 10 Viennas, 10 Romes, 14 Parises, 8 Londons. It seems that there is quite a discrepancy in the number of towns mentioned. The World Atlas of the Encyclopedia Britannica says that there are 18 Berlins, 14 Lisbons, exclusive of Lisbon Falls, 14 Moscows, exclusive of two Moscow Mills, 12 Dublins, 13 Viennas, 17 Romes, 16 Parises, 9 Londons.

DANIEL FEDER.
New York, N. Y.

Burnett on Reverses

SIR: I have just been reading with considerable interest in *The Saturday Review* Mr. Richard Myers's article about the latest British genius—twenty-three-year-old Mr. Peter Ustinov, who has "as much wit as Bernard Shaw," "makes Noel Coward look like an amateur," and "has a knowledge of stagecraft far superior to that of Mr. Priestley."

According to Mr. Myers, in Ustinov's most successful play, "The Banbury Nose," the action begins in 1943 and ends in 1883. To quote: "Ustinov has taken Kirkegaard's lines: 'Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards' to justify his setting the action in reverse." The play apparently deals with a revolt against tradition.

Now by a curious coincidence I published in 1934 a novel called "Goodbye to the Past" which deals to some extent with a revolt against tradition. The action begins in 1929 and ends in 1865. And by another curious coincidence I used Kirkegaard's lines: "Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards," to justify my setting the action in reverse.

I feel very guilty about this and want to apologize for anticipating by ten years the new British genius, Mr. Ustinov, and his celebrated play.

W. R. BURNETT.
Burbank, California.

Fencing in B. C.

SIR: For many years, your periodical has been as popular among the employes and neighbors of Circle Dash Meat Company as the *Southwestern Ranchman*. Imagine the shock in the bunkhouse when, opening your last issue to page 21, we discovered that one of your writers using the nom de guerre, Bennett Cerf, apropos of a book called "Dictionary of Western Words," printed the slanderous statement that a "muley" is a "harmless cow." Slanderous, we all feel, because it insinuates that in Oklahoma there are other, harmful, cows, and every redskinned and redblooded Oklahoman will resent this aspersion on his courage and ability to handle cattle.

Secondly, if the editor who relaxes his standards of scholarship under the pseudonym mentioned will look into Webster's "Dictionary" not under "muley" but under "mulley" or "mooley," he will learn not only that a mooley cow is *hornless*, but that our boys are using an ancient English word of Celtic origin and not, as "Bennett Cerf's" dastardly implication would have it, a "Southwestern word." In justice to the cultural level of the Southwest, an apology seems due for this reflection on the technical skill and linguistic standards of a section of this country, which, modestly nurturing the best cultural traditions, never tries to insult anyone that does not deserve it.

CASSIUS JOHNSON, PH. D.
Foreman, Circle Dash Meat Co.
Ponca City, Okla.

Woollcott and "Elizabeth"

SIR: May I request the hospitality of your pages in order to correct a statement made by the late Alexander Woollcott on page 281 of his recently published "Letters"?

I refer to the passage in which he draws so misleading a picture of the last hours of my beloved mother Elizabeth, Countess Russell, for the benefit of Rebecca West for whom he also indulges in some fanciful comments on the character and immortal expectations of the deceased.

Regarding the verifiable facts:

"Elizabeth" did not die "with only Pat Wallace . . . to hold her hand. . . .' Although she was separated from most of her European friends when she left her villa at Cannes to take refuge with me, I was with her and took care of her from the first day of her illness until the last. Pat Wallace, a great friend of hers, was one of a constant stream of callers who did all that love and anxiety might suggest.

There's no "story" about Pat Wallace which, by any stretch of the imagination, could be called "tangled."

As regards the imaginative and derogatory comments:

Mr. Woollcott had, of course, a perfect right to communicate his opinions to a friend, but was it not in very questionable taste to publish them? One of "Elizabeth's" many loyal friends in this country thought so and forthwith addressed a letter of indignant protest to Rebecca West from whom she presently received the following answer which (by permission of the recipient) I here copy in part:

> Dear Madam,
>
> I allowed the phrase "Raffish old Elizabeth has gone to her problematical reward" to stand in the volume of Alexander Woollcott's letters, because it did not cross my mind that anybody would want to read those letters who was not also capable of reading that phrase in the same spirit in which it was written. I could not have believed that anybody likely to open that volume would seriously imagine that Alexander Woollcott really considered a woman who was among the most dazzling personalities of her time, both in life and literature, to be "raffish" in any strict sense of the word, or that he really suffered from doubts as to her place in the hereafter. The words were obviously used playfully and affectionately and were used not at all inappropriately to Elizabeth Russell's gay and mocking spirit, which loved to snap its fingers at conventional humbug while remaining apparently demure. I cannot enter into the state of mind of a reader who does not see that the whole sentence is an admiring and comradly tribute to a gallant and witty woman who refused to let misfortune or age dim her debonair brightness. . . .

Reading this, and marvelling at the unexpected way perfectly lucid English can be interpreted, the undersigned feels no less outraged than she did before.

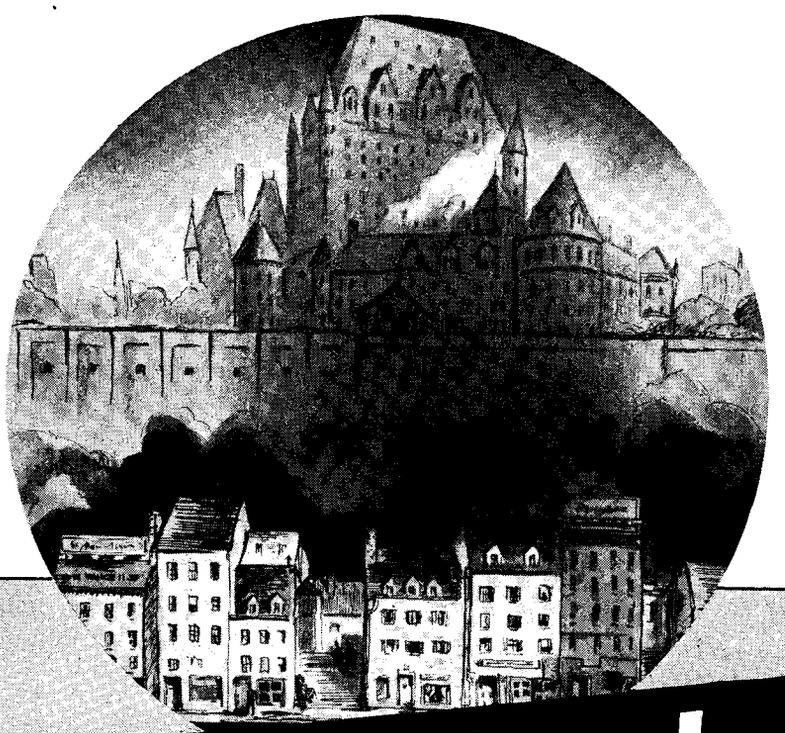
ELIZABETH BUTTERWORTH.
(Mrs. Corwin Butterworth)
R. F. D. Templeton, California

"De Minimis"

SIR: Dr. Ernest Fuld may know a lot about Latin but he knows nothing about law. The quotation is *"De minimis non curat lex"* as any law student knows.

JOHN W. WILLIS.
Washington, D. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Two Solitudes

by **HUGH MacLENNAN**

Americans have long needed this great novel of Canada. The story of two races within one nation, each with its own language and its own idea of what that nation should be; the story of Canada between wars; the story of two people in love. *Two Solitudes* is indeed a great book of a great country. Third Printing. $3.00

The Press

"A superbly vital story of our Century . . . a mature adroit and constantly interesting story of our northern neighbor." —N. Y. Times

"Old and new Canada in a major novel . . . Extraordinarily pertinent . . . a clean-cut novel of great warmth and skill." —Chicago Sun

"Excellent novel . . . a work of genuine distinction." — Philadelphia Inquirer. "Composed with energy and dramatic effectiveness." — N. Y. Herald Tribune.

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

IT IS SCARCELY surprising that George and Helen Papashvily's gay and rollicking "Anything Can Happen" is one of the real hits of the early Spring season. It is very much in the mood of "I Remember Mama," and RKO, who have bought the film rights, will miss a sure bet if they don't do it first as a play on Broadway. . . . George arrived at Ellis Island on a Greek boat without a penny. He sold his fine fur cap for a dollar to a chiseler who assured him he couldn't wear anything like that in America. With the dollar he rented a fat roll of greenbacks with which he dazzled the customs inspector, returning them to the proper owner when he stepped ashore on Manhattan. . . . In Detroit, he prospered as a mechanic in an auto plant, but threw away his savings for a piece of inundated real estate. His friends went in a body to make the salesman return the money, but this gentleman had such a persuasive line of palaver that they ended by buying lots next to George's. . . . Papashvily, like Stalin and the Mdivanis, is a Georgian. "Remember," he counsels, "that for Georgians, only too much is ever enough," His wife Helen, who actually wrote the book, is the owner and operator of the Moby Dick Bookshop in Allentown, Pennsylvania. His Uncle Vanno, at the age of eighty-five, bought a solid gross of red satin garters, with little silver bells on them. "Ladies gonna ting-aling-aling when they walking," he explained. "Be something different." When George expressed doubt as to what disposal an octogenarian expected to make of 144 pairs of garters, Uncle Vanno said cheerfully, "I don't know quite so many ladies yet, but I'm certainly gonna make more acquaintance all time.". . . "Anything Can Happen" is a fresh reminder that immigrants often love and appreciate these United States ten times better than the people who were born here. . . .

JOHN WINKLER, author of "Tobacco Tycoon," writes that the cigarette companies finally have perfected a process for tinting cigarette paper every color in the rainbow without sacrificing exacting requirements of thinness, high tensile strength, uniform burning, and low cost. This means that in the postwar world milady's butt will match her evening dress. Meanwhile, it looks as though she'll be chewing licorice sticks. . . . Errol Flynn has come East with the manuscript of a new novel called "Longboat." Sid Skolsky, peer of Hollywood correspondents, tells a story of one of Flynn's first meetings with Lili Damita. It was a chill afternoon at the Hearst ranch. Flynn was seated in the library. Miss Damita brushed by him without so much as a smile, and tried to warm herself in front of the open fire. Flynn watched her rocking back and forth in silence for a few moments and then said, "Pardon, lady, but if that's for me, not too well done, please." Later they were married—but didn't live happily ever after. . . .

TWO SRL READERS have written to dispute my criticism of William White's "Report on the Russians," and oddly enough, both of them were so wrought up about it that they burst into verse.

Intoned Hamilton Rogers, of Fort Worth, Texas:

The Kulaks by Joe Stalin slain
Will never sing and dance again.
The voiceless Russian millions tramp
The soil of one great prison camp
And yet the Kremlin sounds the key
For Comrade C and Comrade B.
And every tune piped from Moscow
The same doth Trade Winds sweetly blow,
And songs that Stalin loves the best
Are warbled from The Phoenix Nest.

Ward Greene titles his deathless lines "Advice to W. L. White and Other Vanishing Americans":

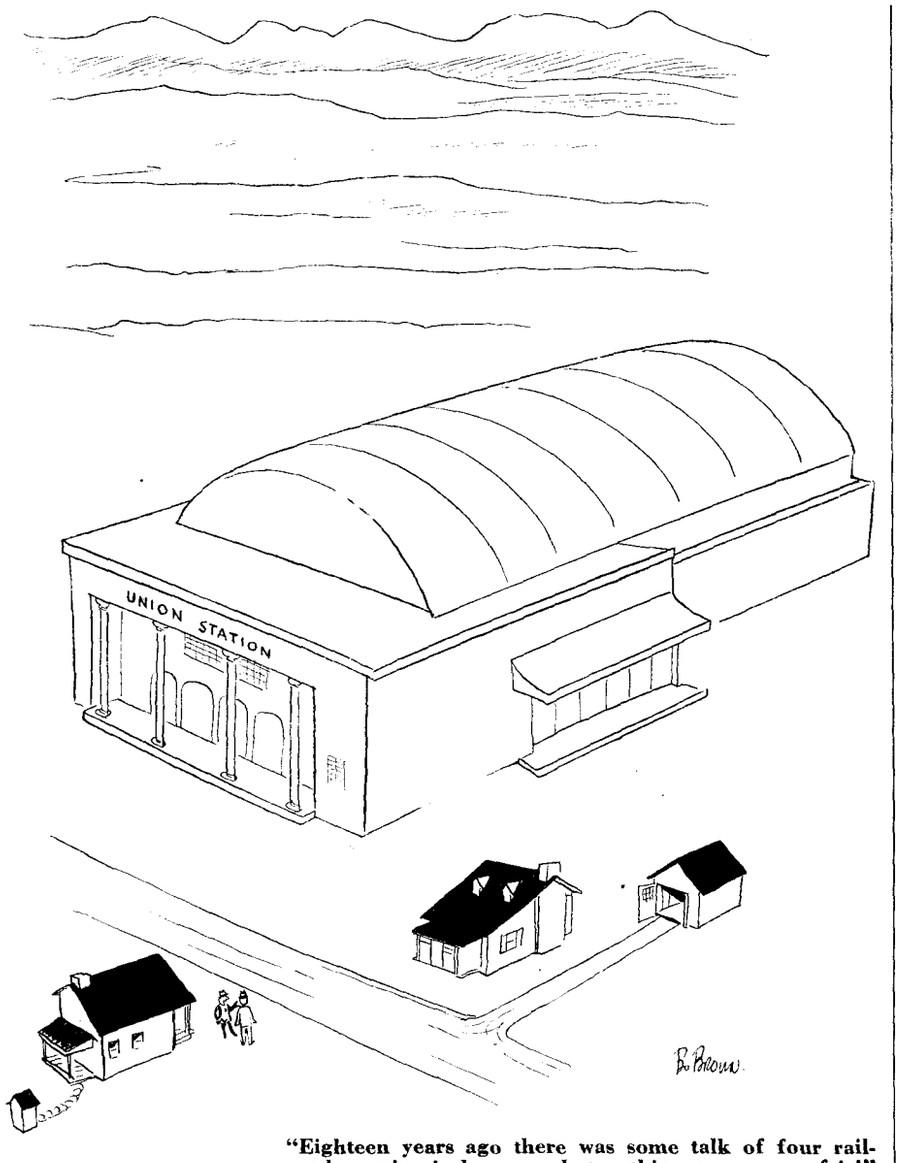
Don't write about Russia, comrades,
Write about anything else,
Write about Hearst and America First
And the sins of the Saxons and Celts
Write about Churchill and Eden,
Write about Chiang Kai-shek,
Write about Dies and McCormick and spies,
Give America hell!—what the heck?
Write about Joads and Apleys,
Write about Brooklyn and WEALTH
Write about Jeeters, New Jersey moskeeters,
But if you would keep your health
Don't stir up the Bennettsky Cerfskys
By taking a poke at Stalin,
Write as you will—it's a free country still—
But not about Russia—that's mean!

I think that both Mr. Rogers and Mr. Greene have misunderstood my remarks about Russia and the William White report on same. There are plenty of things about Soviet Russia that no American in his right senses would tolerate over here. I'm all for these things being aired thoroughly in public. I *would* like to see, however, our Russian allies given at least the same break and attempt at honest understanding that the Hearst-McCormick press accords the Swiss "neutrals" and Francoites who do business with Nazi Germany. . . .

GLENWAY WESCOTT'S Book-of-the-Month Club novel, "Apartment in Athens" (Harper's), originally was written about a family in Paris during the Nazi occupation; the locale was changed to Greece after the French capital was liberated. Since that time, of course, Athens too has been freed—if you can call what has been going on there of late freedom—but Wescott refused to rewrite the book again. . . . Irving Hoffman discovered this touching news note on the book page of a Santa Barbara newspaper: "Mrs. Ellis Avery, who was recently disturbed by the two-day absence of her daughter, was reassured when she returned with a Gideon Bible under her arm.". . . Clare Boothe Luce's new play about women in war times is now called "Ulysses, My Love.". . . Harnett Kane's "Deep Delta Country" will convince you that the pilots who nurse ocean-going vessels, loaded with war supplies, through the treacherous, shifting channels of the Mississippi from New Orleans to the sea, are among the most romantic figures in America today. The country they traverse is ninety-five per cent marshland and swamp, with the natives struggling constantly to fight off floods, insects, and makers of Grade C mystery films. . . .

JOEL W. HEDGPETH, who signs himself "Agent Provocateur of the Society for the Prevention of Progress," with headquarters at Walnut Creek, California (and an engraved letterhead), writes that a special meeting of a sportsmen's association was held in San Francisco to hear an official of the U. S. Wildlife Service talk about "The Future of Our Fisheries." The speaker wound up his address with a story about a fisherman who was sent to Hell and set to fishing with bits of intimate female clothing. With this bait he hauled in several parsons, min-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Eighteen years ago there was some talk of four railroads coming in here . . . but nothing ever came of it!"

isters, rabbis, and dignitaries of every denomination but Catholic. He asked the Devil finally why he hadn't hooked a single Catholic priest. "They only take live bait," explained the Devil. . . . The chairman looked uncomfortable and then introduced the next speaker: Father Flanagan of Boys' Town. . . . Father Flanagan said, "I'm sorry the last speaker told that story. It was a hell of a story." Then he described the work of Boys' Town and took away with him the biggest donation ever raised at a meeting of the club. . . .

ON HIS WAY to California, Manny Harper noticed an Indian brave lolling indolently at a Santa Fe station platform. An efficiency expert to the last, Harper braced him with "Chief, why don't you get yourself a job?" "Why?" countered the Indian pleasantly. "Well," said Harper, slightly nettled, "you get a job and pile up a bank account for yourself. Wouldn't you like that?" "Why?" said the Indian again. "So you can retire," shouted Harper, "and never have to work again!" "I'm not working now," pointed out the Indian. . . .

CAPTAIN GEORGE OPPENHEIMER tells about a rich but well-seasoned old maid in Philadelphia who finally landed an eligible man for herself. She was dreadfully near-sighted but, knowing how much stock he put in perfect physical health, was resolved to conceal this defect from him by hook or by crook. One day she surreptitiously attached a diamond stick-pin to a tree-trunk, and later, seated with her swain on a bench two hundreds yards away, exclaimed, "Look, darling! Isn't that a diamond sparkling in yonder oak tree?" "I'm sure I couldn't see a diamond as far away as that," he marveled. "I'll get it for you," she said happily, and got up to retrieve it. Suddenly her house of cards collapsed. She tripped over a cow.

BENNETT CERF.

TO BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, FEB. 23rd

The new novel by **Booth Tarkington**

ALICE ADAMS was a Main Street girl with Park Avenue aspirations . . . GENTLE JULIA was a wrecker of hearts . . . and KATE FENNIGATE a woman with a purpose. But Booth Tarkington created all of them and wrote the successful books which bear their names.

IMAGE OF JOSEPHINE, his new novel, gives us Josephine Oaklin, a lovely hellion who cured the shattered nerves of a war-time hero, but not before he cured *her* of some colossal selfishness. Josephine joins the distinguished company of memorable Tarkington heroines in one of his most provocative novels, with a timely theme and all his graceful style and subtle humor to delight you. Speak to your bookseller about Josephine today.

Image of Josephine

At your bookseller's • $2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

MISS WEBSTER'S ISLE

NOT many people can be said to know Shakespeare's business better than Shakespeare did. Adapters without number have thought they excelled him at his craft. With their axes upraised or with shears in their hands, they have swooped down on his plays as if his scripts were the forest primeval and they so many landscape gardeners. In every age, since his properties were left defenseless by his death, they have chopped down his trees to get views to their own liking, or transplanted his wild flowers into neat beds of their own digging. In so doing they have usually dug a common grave for his endowments and their own pretensions.

Miss Webster is an exception. In her revival of "The Tempest"* she has not tried to turn Shakespeare into an imitator of Corneille, a hack for Garrick, a clubmate of Henry Arthur Jones, or a graduate of the Yale Drama School. She lets him speak for himself in his own magical terms—altering his text but little save in one radiant instance.

There Miss Webster's chief change is to transfer Shakespeare's lines from one scene to another. Omitting the epilogue assigned to Prospero, she substitutes for it a speech from the first scene of the fourth act which, though glorious, is as out of place when encountered in the printed text as if it had been dropped on the wrong page by a typesetter, anxious to get home to a new bride.

The speech in question is Prospero's:

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

These lines serve "The Tempest" as its perfect summary, hence as its perfect epilogue. By daring to transpose them so that they now conclude the fantasy, Miss Webster has shown that in this instance she knows Shakespeare's business, if not better than he did, at least better than his editors have known it.

"The Tempest" is a play of infinite enchantment. In certain respects it suggests "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—as if it had been written by an older, far wiser, far sadder man. The scholars usually place it among the last three, if not as the last, of Shakespeare's works. Even without their aid the valedictory tone of the text makes itself audible.

Like the later dramas of Ibsen and Shaw, "The Tempest" betrays that disregard for the devices of the stage so common among men who, in their sunset days, have tired of triumphing over the theatre's limitations. Surely no more glaring example of indolent exposition can be found than in that first scene on the island when Prospero announces "The hour's now come" for Miranda to hear her life history.

The Shakespeare who in any number of his earlier plays had prided himself on advancing a story in terms of characters revealed in action, here turns his back wearily upon any such contrivance. He is palpably bored with what Elmer Rice once complained about as "the imposing and fearsome machinery of the theatre."

—*SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield*

Margaret Webster

Prospero does not win Miranda's attention at this point. He commands it. "Ope thine ear; Obey, and be attentive," he says somewhat sternly, taking over-full advantage of a father's prerogatives. From there on, Prospero is fearful, not without reason, that neither Miranda nor the audience may be listening. He keeps peppering his windy narrative with frank confessions of its lack of interest.

"I pray thee, mark me," he begs. Or demands, "Dost thou attend me?" Thereafter he grumbles, "Thou attendest not." Two lines later he is asking, "Dost thou hear?" Or, adding such a pathetic supplication as "Hear a little further." Nothing can stop him. Palpably, during these introductory moments, though only then, Prospero is in spirit a cousin of the Wedding Guest in "The Ancient Mariner." By the time he has done his expository duty, one is forced to agree with Miranda when she sighs, "Your tale, sir, would cure deafness."

The reason for Shakespeare's indifference to his technique in this particular scene is not that he could not have told the story more dramatically. The truth is that he has other things beside mere drama on his mind.

He is not writing a play. He who spent the years of his vigor conquering the theatre's challenges, now bypasses them deliberately. He dodges them by employing the freer form of the revels or the masque. His craftsmanship here is his poetry, not his dramatic devices. His scene is a magical island, "full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

It is an island safely removed from this world, a realm of the imagination, where Shakespeare can dream his dreams and where for him the dream has become the reality. His concern in "The Tempest" is the unreal no less than the real, the air as well as the earth, and both the beast and the fay. We would know the play's subject was an island, even if Shakespeare had not told us so, because it can be approached from every angle.

The island Shakespeare peoples with low-clowns and innocent lovers, with villains and sprites, and which he places under the dominion of a philosopher, so aware of life's dreamlike fabric that he has no room for revenge in his heart, is one that Shakespeare must create by the magic of his words. This he does easily. His words have such glory that coral-wise they raise this island above the dull sea of facts, proving that on it the poet, not Prospero, is the final magician.

The untrammeled imagination of "The Tempest" is at once the play's delight and the theatre's problem. The theatre has no other choice than to

**THE TEMPEST, by William Shakespeare, presented at the Alvin Theatre by Cheryl Crawford, with Vera Zorina, Canada Lee, and Arnold Moss. Settings and costumes by Motley. Original music by David Diamond. A Margaret Webster Production.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STAGE

Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER ?

EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY

48th St. Thea. E. of B'y. EVES. 8:40. MATS. WED., SAT.

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT · BETTY FIELD · AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents

the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS · HUGH MARLOWE · BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

SCREEN

"A HIT!"—CAMERON, NEWS
A Daring Picture on a Hush-Hush Subject!
G. C. S. Presents
"MR. EMMANUEL"
A TWO CITIES FILM PRODUCTION
Starring FELIX ALYMER with Greta Gynt and Walter Rilla
BRANDT'S GOTHAM BROADWAY & 47TH STREET

A Roaring Salute to the Dauntless Defenders of
Moscow Skies
Produced in the U.S.S.R. An Artkino release
They Laughed . . . They Loved . . . They Conquered!
FOURTH WEEK American Premiere STANLEY 7th Ave. bet. 41st & 42nd St.

turn truant officer when it seeks to corral within its limitations a work so exquisite in its disregard of them. The first hazard of bringing "The Tempest" to the stage is the need to grant flesh to fancy, to give physical dimensions to dreams, and real shoes to elves who chase the ebbing Neptune with printless foot.

The butterfly, when mounted, is no longer the butterfly that beckons in the woods. In its case the impaling pin is apt to matter more than the wingspread. No doubt "The Tempest" can never be completely caught in the theatre's net. No one knows this better than Margaret Webster. In her fine book, "Shakespeare Without Tears," which is the most creative volume of Shakespearean criticism to have been written in our time, she says "The Tempest" is "perhaps, the play above all others where we cannot hope to match the reader's free imagination."

Miss Webster, however, has come near to doing the undoable. More than anyone would believe possible, and to a degree we are not apt to see excelled in our time, she has brought "The Tempest" to the stage so that its magic remains magical, and audiences are at liberty "to sail their own seas to their own haven."

The setting used in her production, if not inspired, is rightly unrealistic. It is a simple, many-sided abstraction; an arrangement of rocklike forms which can turn to meet the oncoming scenes. Quite properly, it is not a place but a suggestion of a place. It stimulates the imagination without confining it. Hence it leaves the final task of setting the stage to each individual responding to its challenge. It has the virtue not only of providing several levels for Miss Webster's actors but of never subtracting from the poetry's spell by contradicting its images. Hence it adapts itself as readily to the lovely lyricism of the text as it does, when curtained, to that first scene of the shipwreck in which with words Shakespeare builds a ship in far less time than Henry Kaiser.

The finest performance in Miss Webster's revival is Arnold Moss's Prospero. Mr. Moss is an actor with a mind and body both of which have grace. He is a younger Prospero than the illustrators usually represent. He is a lean, courtly figure of the Italian Renaissance, doubly poignant because his melancholy and resignation have come to him in his middle years. Vocally he is able to do supreme justice to the music of the verse without ever turning himself into the kind of player Percy Hammond once described as "a Shakespearean oboe." In short, Mr. Moss is that rarity, a stage philosopher who persuades us that he has

(Continued on page 29)

How many of these qualifications for
A WRITING CAREER
do you possess?

1. SYMPATHY. Is there a lump in your throat when you read of the little boy who died? Do you squirm in your seat when a speaker makes a fool of himself?

2. A DESIRE FOR EXPRESSION. Do you long for some outlet besides mere gossip? Do you feel pent-up inside by the dull routine of home or office? Do you enjoy keeping a diary or writing to a few close friends?

3. AN INTEREST IN PEOPLE. Are you given to comparing your own personality to those of other people? Do you like to study faces in the car, bus or train? Do you like to sit quietly, listen and observe?

4. FONDNESS FOR WORDS. Do you struggle to get the exact word to express your meaning? Are you moved by the skillful rhymes and fluent rhythm of good verse? Do you stop to read twice the deft description of a human face?

Get Help from Successful Writers

If your answer to most of these questions is "yes," then you owe it to yourself to *investigate the possibilities of a writing career*. For, if you have these qualities, you need only training.

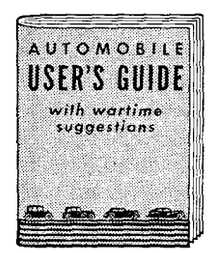
You can get this training in your own home, in your spare time, through the new, practical writing course offered by The Magazine Institute, a private school completely owned and operated by successful writers and editors.

SEND TODAY for free catalog which tells all about opportunities in magazine writing.

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, Inc.
Dept. 52-C, 50 Rockefeller Plaza,
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Without obligation, please send me the Institute's free descriptive catalog. This request is confidential, and no salesman will call on me.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

FREE to All AUTO owners


This Book Tells How To
get better gas economy
prolong tire life
preserve exterior finish
keep your car in the best operating condition

You can get a FREE COPY from any General Motors dealer or by using the coupon below.

Customer Research Dept., Room 1816
GENERAL MOTORS, DETROIT 2, MICH.
Please send FREE COPY of new edition 64-page "Automobile User's Guide"—containing 196 practical suggestions on wartime operation.

Name.....
please print
Address.....
please print
City.....
Zone State
Make of car now owned.....*
year model

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pathfinder Spirit

TIME was when the word "pathfinder" conjured up a vision of a man in fringed leggings and a coon-skin cap who marked trees in a forest to blaze a trail for those who followed him. Today to boys and girls who have books to read, who can listen to broadcasts on the radio it means any man who sees farther than other men, who *imagines* something that might be done—and does it. The heroes of our boys and girls now are the commanders of the PT boats, the flyers who set their bombs squarely on the target, the machine-gunner who knocks out the enemy machine-gun nest. They know, too, that the scientists and inventors are as important in our world as the men who fight this war. When peace comes and the statesmen gather round the conference table, they will turn back then to the men of action—the pathfinders. In selecting books for them it will be wise to make the basis of selection as broad as we can. Our business here is to review current books, but in this particular subject we intend to keep in mind the old as well as the new. Because the time when the hero lived does not affect his standing as a hero.

In his "Heroes and Hero Worship" Carlyle says:

> Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain. All things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result; the practical realization and embodiment of thoughts that dwelt in the great men sent into the world. . . .

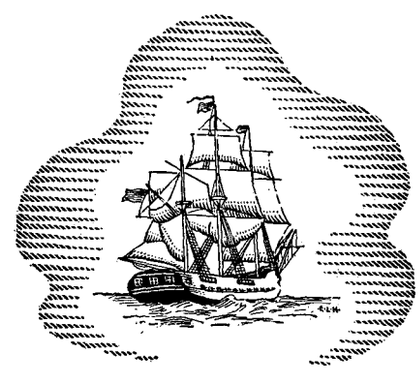
Carlyle wrote this in 1840, and his great men were Mahomet, Dante, Shakespeare, Luther, Knox, Samuel Johnson, Rousseau, Burns, Cromwell, Napoleon, and lesser mortals. Today Russell Davenport puts it differently:

> Strong men these are whose hearts can never rest:
> Forever ending, only to begin;
> Forever moving on the trackless quest
> Of what forever is yet cannot be;
> Forever turned to face the arduous West—
> The dream of progress to infinity—
> The eternal destination of the free.

Because they paint a broad horizon these lines will appeal enormously to young people who put their own individual interpretation on the accomplishment of a pathfinder. They who read Mrs. Tharp's "Champlain" will not be impressed with the historical fact that Canada was claimed by the French and passed later from France to the British Empire. What they will remember is that the great French explorer found Canada on the map of the world and brought to its wilderness the civilization of an older and a wiser people. They will remember Wendell Willkie not because he was defeated for the office of President of the United States but because he saw that in the future all countries and all peoples must be part of one world. They will remember Garibaldi because he had the vision and the courage to unify a nation. They will remember Nathan Hale because he put his country above all personal issues, gladly giving his life for its preservation. They will approve the chief characters in the stories that are reviewed here because they were boys who did not "drift with the current," but acted in an emergency, using their brains and will power to solve their problems.

When this war is won American boys and girls will be more conscious than has been any other generation of the meaning of freedom. It will not be just a word to them, but a *fact* that has a bearing on everything that they do—and are. Again we must quote from "My Country":

> That all the peoples of the earth may know
> The embattled destination of the free—
> Not peace, not rest, not pleasure—but to dare
> To face the axiom of democracy;
> Freedom is not to limit, but to share;
> And freedom here is freedom everywhere.



They are facing a complicated world—these young people of 1945. All that books, both the records of the past and the records of man's thoughts, can do to strengthen their will, to reinforce their courage, to waken their humor should be done while they are still in the "growing" stage. Here in New York there is a collection of books that has been brought together to inform the boys and girls of the world as it is today and to stimulate their thought. It is in the Office of the Supervisor of Work with Schools of the New York Public Library, at 127 East Fifty-eighth Street. Looking over these books, turning their pages, reading the names of the authors and artists, one pays silent tribute to the editors and publishers who selected them and put them into print. No field of endeavor, no aspect of modern history and literature is left unrecorded. They are so vital in their appeal that they seem to shout from the shelves and tables: "Take me! Read me!" What is needed now is to give access to a collection like this not only to all American boys and girls, but to boys and girls everywhere. The years between the two world wars have proven that they will be read widely if they are given a chance to choose for themselves. Their reading quickens their desire and their ability to serve, and to become themselves pathfinders in the world of tomorrow.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMPASS TO A CAREER

CHAMPLAIN: NORTHWEST VOYAGER. By Louise Hall Tharp. With illustrations by Charles B. Wilson. Boston: Little Brown & Company. 1944. 250 *pp.* $2.

WHEN Samuel Champlain—the Sieur de Champlain, Royal Geographer to King Henry of Navarre in seventeenth century France—was born his father gave him a compass. It was a significant gift. That compass guided him to his career as surely as its needle guided him to the shores of the New World. Young Sam was not allowed to touch it until he was old enough for a serious study of navigation, but at fourteen he was using it to chart the rough, indented coast of his native Normandy. His charts must have been accurate. They and his exquisitely drawn and colored maps were used many years later to define the line between Maine and Canada.

There is vitality and charm in this story of the life of the Sieur de Champlain. His friendship with Daniel Haye, the boy whom he saved from death after a shipwreck on the Normandy coast, his young pride and vanity when he used the first money that he earned to buy himself a Toledo sword in Spain and a length of crimson velvet to make a suit worthy of his appearance at the French Court, his courage and gaiety during that first terrible winter on the Canadian coast, his attitude toward the native Indians there, his skill and enthusiasm in getting down on map and chart the outlines of the New World, his gracious manner and strong, disciplined body make him a hero who will appeal enormously to both boys and girls. His story is truly an adventure story. Reading it, the great lake that bears his name takes on a new significance. He had a keen vision. On his voyage to those parts of the Western Hemisphere that were settled by Spaniards he came to Panama and wrote: "A passage might be made from the South Sea to that on the other side, the route would then be shortened by more than fifteen hundred leagues." It remained for Theodore Roosevelt and the nineteenth century to make the Panama Canal a reality. When he started out to settle what he called New France in Canada he ordered beams and boards cut to measure and loaded on his own vessel so that his own house could be set up quickly in the new land—a forerunner of the prefabricated houses of today. When his doctor told him that scurvy was brought on by the sinister influence of the dense Canadian forests he said: "To my mind scurvy is brought on by eating salt meat and no vegetables, with no fresh food of any kind." Today we call it a "vitamin deficiency."

One of the most appealing parts of his story is his adoption of the two little Indian girls whom he called Hope and Charity. When he was obliged to go back to Europe to settle the rival French-English claims to Quebec he left the girls with Daniel Haye and his wife. But he "chose a red cloak and a velvet dressing gown of his own and had them made into dresses for Hope and Charity. He talked to them and made them promise to be good girls and say the prayers he had taught them." In all his relationships,

—From "Champlain: Northwest Voyager."

from his friendship with Henry of Navarre to his honest affection for the Indian children, he was singularly modest and sincere. He died, the Royal Governor of a restored and reconstructed Quebec, on Christmas night in 1635. The bells of the great church that he had built, Our Lady of Recovery, were chiming and in the house of Daniel Haye the children were singing the old French carols.

"I have blazed the trail," he said. "Now the New World belongs to those who follow me."

Charles Wilson has made end-paper maps and chapter headings for this, one of the most readable biographies of 1944. M. G. D.

"ONE LIFE TO LOSE"

NATHAN HALE, PATRIOT. By Martha Mann. Illustrated by Victor J. Dowling. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 343 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is a captivating story about one of the heroes of the Revolutionary War. Martha Mann has in this, her first book, skilfully linked with legend the known facts of Nathan Hale's short life. With considerable research she has succeeded in recreating the pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary era against which this convincing figure moves.

We follow him through his boyhood with his many brothers and sisters to Yale where, among students who were studious, ambitious, and lively boys, he becomes a champion of liberty. As a schoolteacher later he was able to communicate to his pupils his own convictions. When his country needs him, he fights in the colonial army and at a critical hour he volunteers to obtain information from the enemy. As we read this part of his story we hope, almost breathlessly, that Nathan Hale will be able to rejoin his army in the confusion of the New York fire. But instead he is captured and ignominously handled as a traitor and a spy. His death at the age of twenty-one leaves him a hero for all time, and his last proud words have become part of the American heritage: "I have only one sorrow. I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The impatient young reader will probably skip political speeches and definitions. Nevertheless, he will become aware of the ideals that America stands for and of the possibilities that face her today, as they faced her in Nathan Hale's time.

This story, breathing the love of home and country, of the very soil of America, will appeal to readers who are born Americans and to those who are new Americans—a large and important group just now. The many pen drawings by Victor Dowling which illustrate it have character and vitality.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

LIBERATOR OF A NATION

GARIBALDI. By Nina Brown Baker. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1944. 315 *pp.* $2.50.

AT first sight Garibaldi seems a storybook hero. Big, blond, fearless, adventurous, the liberator of a nation, a man of deeds not of words. He is all that, of course, but he is much more. The very fact that he is more than the conventional leading figure of a boy's book makes him an ideal hero at second sight, too. Mrs. Baker has not been afraid to show the rebel in moments of depression, the fighting lion in his moments of folly, and the great liberator in his moments of frustration. She gives a magnificent account of the sad battle of Rome where the great Garibaldi, the idol of Young Italy, had to obey a fumbling superior officer, an Italian Colonel Blimp, and suffered defeat, strategically and mentally.

The different phases of Garibaldi's fabulous career are recreated with ease and competence. Mrs. Baker describes his early fantastic adventures in Brazil with the right mixture of historical accuracy and slight humor. She follows him and his guerillas back to Italy, and the great climax of Garibaldi's life is also the climax of the book; the big battles in which a small, ill-trained, ill-equipped force of volunteers wiped out far superior enemy battalions. If modern military analysts were as sure of all strategic details as

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Baker is of hers they might write better columns and indulge less in false predictions.

As in her "Peter the Great," Mrs. Baker manages to destroy many false but popular prejudices with particular gusto. She describes the tough battles of the "Garibaldini," their endurance, their fortitude . . . and thus refutes the currently popular slogan that "Italians never fight." She concedes that the planning of leaders and governments in exile may look a little incongruous at times. Yet the exiled Garibaldi returns to his home land, starts the revolt, and becomes the leader of his people.

These are mainly intellectual merits. Yet "Garibaldi" is first and foremost a good, solidly packed story—a biography with action enough to satisfy the admirers of Howard Pease and enough personal and intimate details to satisfy the fans of Cornelia Meigs. There is even a bit of a love story in it, frankly in the romantic tradition—it couldn't be otherwise with Garibaldi—but handled with restraint. Occasionally in the book things get a bit complicated. However, since the politics in the innumerable little Italian cities and duchies were quite machiavellian, there is little a biographer can do about it.

"Garibaldi" has scholarship and a good plot, and is written in a crisp, lucid style that should satisfy children and adults alike.

RICHARD PLANT.

YOUTH OF A LIBERAL

YOUNG WILLKIE. By Alden Hatch. Illustrated with photographs. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 224 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is a biography of Wendell Willkie up to the time when he was engaged to be married, when he enlisted in the First World War. It is, too, a picture of the life of many American boys in small mid-Western towns in the early 1900's.

Wendell Willkie's father and mother had come originally from Germany to seek freedom and opportunity. His father became a prominent lawyer. His mother, too, studied law after she was married. Wendell was born in Elwood, Indiana, in 1892. Through the discovery of natural gas, Elwood was then a "boom town," rough and turbulent. There were five children in the Willkie family, four boys and one girl. You had to be "tough" in a town where even your own father "toted a gun," and the Willkie brothers were tough. "Come on, fellers," was their battle cry as they fought every real or fancied wrong. But at home they lived in a world of culture. The whole family joined in impromptu Shakespeare and father Willkie woke the boys up in the morning by reciting poetry. During the long winter evenings he read aloud to them from the many books that seemed to fill every room. Rarely has there been a more book-loving family. Discussions on law and politics dominated the conversation, and many a law case was re-argued across the dinner table.

Before writing this biography, Alden Hatch spent much time in Elwood amassing his material. He visited the Willkie family and met boyhood friends and associates. He has given us a vivid, readable, and understanding story about the youth of the author of "One World"—a great American.

MURIEL GILBERT.

"CAN DO, WILL DO—DID"

SEABEE: BILL SCOTT BUILDS AND FIGHTS FOR THE NAVY. By Henry B. Lent. Illustrated with official U. S. Navy photographs. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1944. 176 *pp.* $2.

THE official motto of the Seabees is "We build—we fight," but the Seabees themselves have another motto: "Can do, will do—did." Their insignia is a flying bee—fighting mad, and they call their Waves "honey bees." This is the story of their training in this country and of their almost miraculous accomplishment when they reach the fighting zone. Its hero is young Bill Scott who has always had a flair for engines, who sold his beloved red tractor that he had built "from scratch" when he joined the Navy. That tractor seemed a small thing when Bill saw the huge bulldozers in the training camp. He learned to master one very quickly and, later on, over in the Solomons, he drove one straight over a Japanese machine-gun nest:

> Giving the bulldozer full throttle, he pushed the earth ahead of him—burying the Japs. Halfway over the gun emplacement he swung his bulldozer around on its steel treads, leaving nothing but a smooth flat surface over the spot where there had been twelve Japs with machine guns just a moment before.

Bill wins the coveted Silver Heart for his driving and the Purple Heart for the wound on his arm. His story is realistic, detailed, and well told.

M. G. D.

—From "Garibaldi."

FULL CIRCLE SWING

PATRIOT IN THE SADDLE. By J. C. Nolan. Illustrated by George Annand. New York: Julian Messner. 1945. 256 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the story of Kye Devon who was found as a tiny baby by old Uncle Shep, and taken to his shack on the slope of a mountain in Tennessee. When Kye grew old enough to ask questions Uncle Shep could not tell him who his father was, or his mother, or where he was born. Around Kye's neck was a golden chain and a locket with one word engraved on it—the word *Devon*. Pinned to his blanket was a small, thin packet of letters. Uncle Shep could not read, nor could Kye. So the packet of letters lay in the old wooden chest and the locket hung around Kye's neck under his shirt. Kye was fifteen, strong and independent and a fine horseman, when Uncle Shep told him that he must go out into the world beyond the mountains and carve his own fortune. Kye protested, but Uncle Shep was firm. He would go to the village and live with Caleb and his wife. Kye must take the mare, Josie, and ride down to Nashville.

> "You got the stuff in you to amount to somethin'," he told Kye. "But you can't do it hangin' round the mountains with me. What am I? A hunter, a trapper, a blamed old fool of a hermit! An' that's all. Look, Kye, you ain't aiming to be like me, are you?"

It was a hard parting for Kye, but he was young, Josie was the finest horse he had ever ridden, the road to Nashville soon brought adventure. Only a few days after he said goodby to Uncle Shep he met the first of the famous Americans who appear as characters in this book—General Andrew Jackson.

There are both drama and humor in their first encounter. The General liked Kye, so he asked him to work as a stable boy at his farm, the Hermitage, outside Nashville. He bought Josie so that Kye would have some money to send to Uncle Shep, promising to let Kye buy her back. This unique bargain was kept, and Kye began his real education for the part he was to play in the building up of America. There at the Hermitage he learned many things. He learned of hospitality and gracious living, of war and politics, of cock fights and racing and betting. He was taught to read by gay, pretty Rachel Hays, the General's niece. He cared for the General's famous racer, Truxton, and when Bart, the General's jockey, failed him, rode Truxton to victory under the General's colors. Then, through Mr. Bibbs of Washington, Kye was made a courier,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a dispatch rider, for the Congress.

Here, through Kye's eager eyes, we get a picture of the new capital of the United States of America. Its lovely design was still on paper. Its streets were dusty in summer and deep in mud through the winter. The swampy land around the White House bred mosquitoes and fever. But its streets were thronged with people and its atmosphere tense with the excitement that preceded the War of 1812. Feeling ran high and Kye saw and heard a great deal. He listened to the debates in Congress. He caught the "spy" fever that made him suspect everyone who had a British accent. He raged at the injustice on the seas and the capture and imprisonment of American sailors. Through it all ran the mystery of his own birth. Unconsciously Kye himself was the center of a plot—a plot that involved the honor and safety of his country. How he faced the problem, how he brought it to a solution is a credible story. Kye was no saint, but he possessed the qualities that go toward the making of an American. Uncle Shep had taught him the fundamental things—loyalty, courage, perseverance. That wild ride of his to spread the news of the declaration of war against England was a test of all that he had learned. The choice forced upon him by the revelation of his birth and parentage was, in some ways, a still harder test. Alone in the clearing to which Uncle Shep had brought him as a baby, Kye made his decision.

> "It was a circle," he thought. "Like the one Uncle Shep made in the air. I have come a full circle. . . . Hie on, Josie!" he said. "Hie on, old girl. It's just the way it should be now. It's 'ride, Yankee, ride!' "

This story is such a good one for our Pathfinder number that we have asked to be allowed to review it in advance. It will be published in April.

M. G. D.

TREASURE SHIP

MYSTERY SCHOONER. By Terrance Roberts. Illustrated by Ivan T. Sanderson. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 271 *pp.* $2.

TRAPPED on a plantation by the invading Japanese, two young Americans, with the help of a little Malay boy, manage to escape to Palembang where they join up with two young Hollanders who are also hiding from the enemy. They were befriended by an elderly Chinese and his son who helped them get aboard a mysterious schooner that was equipped and in readiness for a long voyage, but was seemingly deserted. These six young people—American, Hollander, Chinese, and Malay, later joined by an English boy whom they found on a

—From "Seabee."

raft and rescued—went through attacks by Japanese destroyers and planes, a typhoon, a grounding on coral reefs, and innumerable minor disasters and excitements and at length brought their ship to South Africa and safety. They had discovered that their cargo represented all the actual wealth of southern Sumatra and feared, rightly, that the enemy would discover the loss and be on the lookout for them. That they not only saved their own skins, but brought the precious cargo safely through to Allied hands was a major triumph and brings this exciting story to a satisfying conclusion.

The book is written in a brisk, uneven style, full of American slang and colloquialisms. It is like an oral presentation and it helps to hold the whole tale to a high pitch of excitement. The characterizations are interesting and varied and the unity of the group, in spite of the different nationalities and background, is convincing—although the author seems a bit over-conscious of race in a situation where only universal human qualities would be evident to the people involved. Young people who are interested in ships will particularly enjoy the story, but its timeliness and its fast pace should give it a wider audience.

RUTH A. HILL.

EXPLORER'S JOURNAL

THE GREAT PATHFINDER. By Mary Forth Weston. Drawings by Louis Lundean. New York: Robert McBride & Co. 1944. 212 *pp.* $2.

MAPS and records of the Lewis and Clark Expedition exerted a strange fascination over young Jedediah Smith. He became a hunter, a trapper, and finally an explorer. This book, which is his story, is written in a matter-of-fact style reminding one in its simplicity of an explorer's journal. It is enlivened by Louis Lundean's drawings which picture the rugged life of the trail.

It is a story with plenty of excitement. There are several encounters with the Indians and an almost fatal attack on Diah by a grizzly bear. Diah, in the true spirit of a pathfinder, never gives up before obstacles. Tenaciously he leads his men over icy mountains and menacing deserts. Young as he was, he had broken, before he died, two new trails into California. He was thirty-one when an Indian arrow killed him. There are lessons of endurance and courage in his short life, and many details about hunting and trapping in the then new territories of California and Oregon in his story. It is a tale that will appeal to boys of today. It will make them long to set out on other trails here in the vast and, in some places, still untamed territories of North America.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
GREEN HAZARD *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.)	British intelligence agent Hambleton, disguised as explosives inventor, has exciting adventures with Nazi leaders in Berlin.	Indestructible Tommy carries on along same lines as earlier exploits. Whole thing slightly ridiculous but amply thrill-packed.	Adequate spy-stuff
MARGINALIA *H. P. Lovecraft and others* (Arkham House: $3.)	Early writings, "revisions" fugitive pieces by late leader of horror-story field—also biographical data.	Mainly of interest to devout Lovecraftians. Some of stories are chilling if not taken too seriously.	For horror addicts
APPLEBY'S END *Michael Innes* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Appleby of Scotland Yard travels to deep English countryside and unravels an amazing family tangle.	Agreeable and slightly puzzling mixture of sudden-death, antic humor, erudition, bright talk, and sur-realism.	*Cum grano salis*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

BERYL V. THOMPSON of Hickman Road, Des Moines, Iowa, sends me the following poem:

QUALITY OF GRIEF

Prosaic peoples have a gift more rare
Than most for meeting sorrow when it comes;
His lips moved soundlessly as though in prayer,
Or as a young child gravely doing sums.

Such grief seemed alien . . . inarticulate,
To me whose tears come easily as rain—
I watched his patient hands undo the gate
Where heavy-uddered cattle lined the lane

Crowding to reach their stanchions . . . I had read
(Minutes before!) the message: "We regret. . . ."
The usual form. . . . Henry, their son, was dead
In Normandy. Their only son, and yet

Grief must submit itself to duty. Now
It was milking time. The silence of the place
Beat like a jungle drum. With inscrutable face
The mother prepared supper . . . pondered how
The weather would be tomorrow. Heads bowed low
Above the simple food, their thanks were said.
I thought of peasant's supper by Van Gogh,
I thought of Henry, far away and dead.

The dishes washed, with ill-concealed relief
They watched me take my leave. She was setting bread
Her old eyes bright with her unspoken grief;
Then lips closed on a name not to be said.

Will Dorothy Hawke of San Francisco, whose letter I published on January 20, please send me her full address so that I may forward to her a letter which has come care of the *Nest?*

One of America's foremost liberals was eighty-three December fifteenth last. Till 1927 Vida Dutton Scudder was professor at Wellesley College. Why is she not in "Twentieth Century Authors"? Her autobiography, "On Journey," is beautifully written. Among her books are "The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets," published as far back as 1895, "Social Ideals in English Letters" (1898), "Socialism and Character" (1912), and "The Franciscan Adventure" (1931). She actually wrote about "Social Ideals," whereas everyone knows that they are merely the dangerous province of crackpots like "this now" Henry Agard Wallace. What we really want is what *The New York Times* calls "the soundly conservative financial judgment" of Jesse Jones. I have my own grave doubts about that superb judgment. Well, of course, you take rubber—! But to return to Vida Scudder. She was old-fashioned. She lived the life of the spirit, and possessed a fine mind. She probably lacked soundly conservative financial judgment, and, of course, it would have been a very bad thing to have allowed her to have had a voice in the running of this country because, for one thing, her ideals, you see, would have hampered her. We don't want ideals in government; they're for the colleges; what we want is soundly conservative judgment in government, preferably on the side of the big interests. The kind that was so obvious back around 1929 when, as Nevins and Commager say, one trouble had been that "too large a part of national income was going to a small percentage of the population who promptly turned it back into savings and investment, and not enough of the income to the labor, farmer, and white-collar classes upon whose continued ability to buy the whole business system rested." This makes it obvious—or doesn't it—that the big interests can run this country much better than the government can? That's what we call Free Enterprise! But to return to Miss Scudder. Just after Christmas she contributed to *The Witness* an article on John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." I am sure that Henry Wallace would like her article, because he is a deeply religious man, though he does not parade the fact. Next door to her article in this little paper I was also glad to see one by the Rector of St. Paul's in Yonkers on my old friend William Norman Guthrie of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. I like his first two sentences:

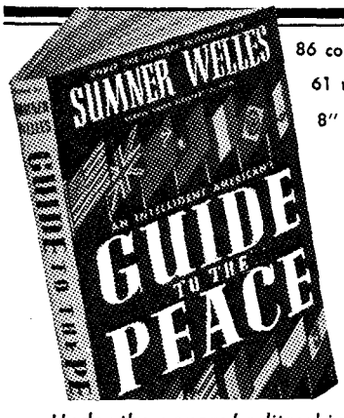
> Was it not William James who said that novel ideas are usually first attacked as wrong and harmful, then ridiculed as of no consequence, and finally adopted as "what we have always believed." It is likely that some of the theological and liturgical experiments of Dr. Guthrie will pass through these stages, and his recent death makes timely an examination of his contributions to the Church.

They were damn fine! But if any young person were to ask me about such writers and preachers and about the conduct of this country I should, of course, say to him, "Well, my boy, they're idealists, you know. They're all right in their place. But you can't really follow them into everyday life! Business is business, and what you want to lay to, my boy, is soundly conservative financial judgment. Make good investments and make friends with the big interests. They are the people with power and influence, and they can show you how to make money; and you must have money, my boy, or you will simply get nowhere. Don't bother about the 'underprivileged' and that sort of rot! And mind you, steer clear of 'novel ideas,' my boy! And if anyone mentions an 'economic bill of rights' to you, you run like hell!" Well—I'll betcha he'd grow up to be a U. S. Senator or something!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes. 2. Malvolio, in "Twelfth Night," by Shakespeare. 3. St. Nick, in "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement Moore. 4. "The Valiant Tailor," by Grimm. 5. "Gunga Din," by Kipling. 6. Humpty-Dumpty, in "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll. 7. The stranger, in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," by Robert W. Service. 8. Bishop Waller, in "The Bishop's Jaegers," by Thorne Smith. 9. "Little Black Sambo," by Helen Bannerman. 10. "The Pied Piper of Hamlin," by Robert Browning.



86 countries
61 maps
8" x 11"

Under the general editorship of

SUMNER WELLES

Chosen by the East & West Association (Pearl Buck, president) as "The best current book promoting an understanding of the peoples of the world."

On all best-seller lists

$3.75 — THE DRYDEN PRESS

BOOKS FOUND FREE!

WHAT BOOKS DO YOU WANT?

We quote lowest market prices. No charge for location Hard-to-Find and Out-of-Print Books. All books, OLD or NEW mailed POST-FREE. SEARCHLIGHT BOOK CIRCLE, 22 East 17th St., New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEEING THINGS

(*Continued from page 23*)

thought his lines instead of merely memorizing them.

As Ariel and Caliban, Vera Zorina and Canada Lee have the hardest of difficult assignments. All things considered, chief among which is the stubborn fact that Ariel and Caliban can never be completely embodied, they do well enough. As a whole, they leave the illusion unjarred, and sometimes even add to it.

Zorina is lovely to look at. She enchants the eye, but whether as a woman or a sprite is another question. Although her Ariel is poetry in motion, and one surrenders to its spell increasingly as the evening progresses, to uncomplaining male eyes Zorina cannot help seeming at times like a pin-up girl from the Ballet Russe. It is because she is an adult that one is bound to notice she is more *Esquire* than ether. Occasionally she has as much trouble with Shakespeare's lines as we do with her own. Her spirit is innocence itself. Still what one misses is the childlike quality of Ariel; that childlike quality so glisteningly captured in the King-Coit revival of some seasons back. We would hate to have to surrender Zorina to the air which, after all, is where Ariel belongs.

Canada Lee's Caliban is a monster; earth-sprung; fearsome, badgered, and pathetic. His only trouble is that he keeps all of Caliban's poetry earth-sprung, too. For this he should perhaps not be blamed too severely. One of the impossibilities of the part is that Caliban must grovel and soar simultaneously; a contradiction which the playgoer is as prone to remember as the reader is apt to ignore.

These are blemishes which one mentions ungratefully. The excellence of Miss Webster's revival of "The Tempest" is such that they subtract little from the evening's pleasures. In her hands the play retains most of its magic. It still sets its trap with cheese for the groundlings in the persons of its buffoons. Its low-clowns, Trinculo and Stephano, are excellently played by George Voskovec and Jan Werich.

David Diamond's music contributes to the mood. So does such an incipient Polonius as Paul Leyssac's Gonzalo. So do the conspirators in whose company he finds himself. And so do Vito Christi's Ferdinand and Frances Heflin's Miranda, though the latter is a little too "on-island" and hillbilly to suit my tastes. In both Shakespeare's and Prospero's fashion Miss Webster is a magician. No director of our time has done as much to open the doors of the library for Shakespeare and release him on the stage.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED; mimeographing; superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGIES a specialty. Efficiently searched. Box 226-K.

BE THE LIFE of the party showing world's most amazing trick! Two-inch solid wood arrow through half-inch solid metal washer. Barrels of fun. Bushels of money. Sample and instructions $5.00. Refund to failures. George "Idea" Gillespie, Galax, Va.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

WANTED TO BUY—Old Timey Christmas Tree ornaments and balls. Must be over 30 years old. Also, doll's china. Shipping charges paid. Write description, price. Mrs. A. G. Heinsohn, Jr., 3117 Kingston Pike, Knoxville, Tenn.

OLD PICTURE POST-POSTAL CARD collection wanted. Dargue, Kittanning, Pa.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. Delightful, informal New England rooms, cottages.

RIVES MATTHEWS, editor, publisher, linotypist and printers' devil, cordially solicits your patronage ($2) for his county-seat weekly: THE SOMERSET NEWS, Princess Anne, Maryland.

AM INTERESTED in purchasing good collection of books. Box 688-K.

IS THERE a gentleman of the old school left who would enjoy pleasant corespondence with widow, cultured background, and interesting? Just wondering . . . that's all. Box 779-K.

PUBLISHING IDEAS WANTED for series of practical (non-fiction) low priced books. Box 794-K.

MANUSCRIPT TYPIST—EXPERT—20c per page. Box 791-K.

DANCE AND MUSIC CRITIC desires connection with publication. Box 809-K.

YOUNG MAN, despondent over having no one to whom write poetry seeks charming, receptive reader, likewise despondent. Box 808-K.

PERSONALS

LA VIE PARISIENNE, copies of this unique French magazine, $2.00 each; 5 all different —$7.50; 10 for $10.00. Box 813-K.

WRITER SEEKING UNIVERSITY GIRL STUDENT skilled in research, stenography, to assist in research for contracted novel, working nights and weekends. Box 792-K.

ROVING SECRETARY. Extensive publishing experience. Manuscripts expertly typed, stenography, indexing, and editorial advice. Call Winifred Clark, 143-16 Sanford Avenue, Flushing, N. Y. C. FL 9-2216.

MANSION HOUSE CLUB. Social, cultural, recreational. Various groups daily, evenings. Write only. 315 West 105 Street, N. Y. C.

LET LEVALLEE type or varitype your manuscript. Large variety types for dramas, poetry, research papers. Carbons. Reasonable prices. LeVallee, 409 East 19 Street, N. Y. C.

WANT DOUBLE-CROSTICS No. 14—Will pay premium for this book in good condition. Geo. W. Newton, Box 789, Muscatine, Iowa.

"HEAVEN AND HELL," is the most definite teaching on certainty of immortality life hereafter in writings of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, famed scientist, philosopher, theologian, statesman. This book "FROM THINGS SEEN AND HEARD" to new readers, introductory price five cents. SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Room 1635, 51 East 42nd Street, New York 17.

SAVE TIME AND BOTHER! Unload onto me your subscription chores. I can find any publication in the world you wish to subscribe to through me. Let me regroup or retime your renewals so you can get Club or Holiday rates, premiums, etc. JOHN CREHORE, Box 2239-R, Wachington 13, D. C.

AMAZING OFFER!
STORY CONSULTANT (WRITER-EDITOR) Brilliant background in films, publishing and theatre. Available on a free lance or part-time basis. Box 773-K.

WANTED: LIBRARIANS interested in positions with a future. Progressive public library in Michigan's second largest city needs Branch Children's Librarian and Assistant Readers Advisor in Main Library immediately. Beginning salary $1850 with advancement opportunities for right persons. State availability, training, experience and send photograph to D. W. Kohlstedt, librarian, Public Library, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

PRIVATE PARTY wishes to buy Limited Editions, private press books, etc. Box 803-K.

ANY GOOD OFFERS for Bank of England type chair? Former occupant No. 14 of first New York State Senate. Box 804-K.

BUY BETTER BOOKS from perspicacious seller. Literary services. Box 805-K.

SAN PATIENT (youngish male) desires stimulating and provocative correspondence with female in similar circumstances, who likes to talk of things that are out of reach at the moment. Box 806-K.

(*Continued on next page*)

TO ORDER ANY BOOK described or advertised in this issue

USE THIS COUPON! (Books sent postage free anywhere in U. S.)

To: Your local bookseller
Or: **Doubleday, Doran Book Shops,**
Mail Order Department, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Please send me the following books for which I enclose $.....
(PRINT TITLES OF BOOKS WANTED) .....
.....
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *Zone No.* (IF ANY) ..... *State* .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 29*)

UPTON SINCLAIR'S WORKS, 20 volumes, $29.50. Box 817-K.

SMALL EARLY MANET. In original frame for sale by private collector. Authentic. Would bring several hundred on today's auction market. Sentimental reasons keep us from disposing of it in this manner. First check over two hundred dollars takes it. Photograph to those interested. Sell to collector only. Box 826-K.

WOMAN familiar with books and paintings wishes connection with publisher of art collection. Experience in selling and management. Linguist. Box 827-K.

WANTED—Assistant in eastern college library. Serials and cataloguing. Library training and some experience required. Box 828-K.

IF INTERESTED in Mayan civilization, send for free list of books. Box 816-K.

WANTED—Experienced cataloguer for eastern college library. Box 829-K.

SECRETARIES—JUNIOR AND SENIOR. National Headquarters of a non-profit world organization has interesting secretarial openings. Basic 5 day week; merit advancement. Starting salary $130-$150 a month. Apply Room 912—347 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

WANTED—clean copies of HOW TO DRESS SALMON FLIES by T. E. Price-Tannat and LETTERS TO A SALMON FISHER'S SONS by A. H. Chaytor. Box 830-K.

OFFICE WORKER (girl) interested in enjoyable correspondence. Box 831-K.

HAVE UNUSUAL MATERIAL for books, short stories, plays, radio programs. Need builder and collaborator. Box 832-K. ELdorado 5-8389, N. Y. C.

I COLLECT shaving mugs, unusual Christmas cards, Valentines—Box 833-K.

LIFE MAGAZINE, complete, 1936-1944, $47.50. Box 811-K.

WANTED: COLLABORATOR, illustrator of bi-lingual Children's Books. Box 818-K.

NEED 35 feet or less bookcases. Box 819-K.

WILL COUNTRY-LOVING, mature gentleman write refined youngish miss? Box 820-K.

YOUNG MAN invites female correspondence: music, literature, art. Box 821-K.

BALZAC, DEFINITIVE EDITION, 53 volumes, illustrated, beautiful set, $97.50. Box 814-K.

ESTABLISHED SCREEN WRITER, fresh off the Chief with original play idea—will gladly swap Gower Gulch for Shubert Alley if he can dig up suitable collaborator. A natural for Broadway Spring production if we mesh. Come on you budding Kaufmans and Ferbers—make me know it! Box 822-K.

MINIATURE BOOKS—English, foreign, up to 3 inches wanted. Box 823-K.

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSANDS OF BOREDOM—Somebody throw me a rope and pull me into an interesting job; expert secretary, college graduate, zany, excellent references. Box 824-K.

EXPERIENCED TEACHER, Ph.D. (Vienna) wants part-time job as librarian (B.S., Columbia University), translator, tutor in philosophy, French and German literature or languages, companion for aged invalid. Box 825-K.

ARABIAN NIGHTS, set of 16 volumes, limited edition, exotically illustrated, $48.75. Box 810-K.

Exhibition of SCULPTURE
MOCHARNIUK
Feb. 12 - Mar. 3
MARQUIE GALLERY
16 West 57 St., N. Y. C.

PERSONALS

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD'S WORKS, 16 volumes, illustrated, $32.75. Box 812-K.

GENTLEMAN INTERESTED INVESTING in working for going weekly newspaper. Full particulars, please. Box 807-K.

FOR RENT: Baritone. Fine voice, magnetic presence. Versatile, experienced, varied repertoire. Long, short contracts; singles. Good buy. CO 5-4290, N. Y. C. Box 835-K.

RECENT BUT ESTABLISHED CHORUS, well known conductor, best music, broad social plan, needs executive secretary with courage and ability. Box 836-K.

ANATOLE FRANCE, autograph edition, first volume signed by author, 30 volumes, published at $300.00, will offer at sacrifice. Send for details and price. Box 815-K.

EXPERIENCED EDITOR, leading poetry journal 3 years, desires connection with Manhattan publishing house. Familiar with prose and poetry, contributor to prominent periodicals. Box 837-K.

TWO GIRLS marooned in boarding school, seek correspondence with interesting people, preferably young males. Box 834-K.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

BOOK MSS. WANTED, particularly books for older boys* with black and white illustrations. Accepted material published on royalty basis only.

WALLACE HEBBARD, PUBLISHER
(Incorporated 1926)
SANTA BARBARA CALIFORNIA

*e.g., THE PAINTED PONY by John C. Almack

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENT FOR 24 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison at 40 Street, New York.

ORIGINAL SERMONS, SPEECHES, LECTURES, THESES, prepared—also printed sermons, addresses. Criticism, rewriting, ghostwriting of book-length manuscripts, short stories. Fiction Courses. Free circulars. CONTINENTAL WRITERS' AND SPEAKERS' BUREAU, 210 Fifth Avenue, Dept. SR, New York.

GRACE BULLEN, Indexing, cataloging, revision, research foreign publications. 2565 Marion Avenue, Bronx 58, N. Y.

AUTHORS, ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed; manuscripts typed. 19 West 44, New York 18.

LITERARY ASSISTANCE. Criticism, editing, revision, research. Articles, stories, books, theses, long experience. MARY DOUGLAS, 70 Morningside Drive, New York 27.

RESEARCH—odd jobs, simple questions, articles, stories, books, theses. Manuscripts typed. Miss Rogers, Wyoming 1274 after 6 P. M., Los Angeles.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 33 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

CLASSIFIED

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, reasonable, accurate, prompt. Aimee Porter, 1150 Partridge Ave., Beloit, Wis.

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT twenty-three important services for authors, poets, write THE NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colo.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 46th St., N. Y. C. WI 2-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED—accurate, reasonable. Editing on request. MUrray Hill 5-2444. N.Y.C.

WE PUBLISH, PRINT and DISTRIBUTE your manuscripts in pamphlet and book form. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35th Street, New York 1.

LITERARY TYPING: Novels, plays, essays; also stenotype reporting, mimeographing; prompt efficient service; reasonable rates. ROLEN REPORTERS, 351 Pennsylvania Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Business correspondence. Dependable work. Dorothy Klein 11 Nassau Street, Boston 11, Mass.

WRITING, REWRITING AND CRITICISM of stories, novels, song poems, etc. William Stratford Zillman, 4446 North Kildare Avenue, Chicago 30, Illinois.

DOROTHY LAUGHLIN McGUINN—Research, revision, ghostwriting, publicity 1401 North Hudson, Chicago.

LANGUAGES

PORTUGUESE. Also Spanish and 30 other languages. Booklet SR. BRAZILIAN BOOKS, 18 East 41st, New York, N. Y.

29 LANGUAGES by Linguaphone. Russian, Spanish, Portuguese—Direct conversational method for mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 28 RCA Building, New York. CI 7-0830.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKS

BOOKS by and about Walt Whitman. First editions, good books, fine prints. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., New York

HENRY MILLER'S "PLIGHT"—$1.50 Porter, 2303 Durant, Berkeley, California

BURT FRANKLIN 170 Broadway Books, Libraries purchased. BEekman 3-4723

LINCOLNIANA: Civil War; American history, biography, literature. Send for lists Abraham Lincoln Book Shop, 16 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th Street, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20c.

BOOKS FOR SALE

FASCINATING ILLUSTRATED CATALOG boyhood favorite thrillers, 25 cents. DIME NOVELS, 1525 W. 12, Brooklyn 4, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE HAVE ACQUIRED one of the finest RARE- FINE-OUT-OF-PRINT-ILLUSTRATED and FIRST EDITIONS collections in the country. They are now available at excellent investment prices. Send us your list of authors interested in. ROGUE HEAD PRESS, Grand Central Annex, N. Y. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

IN a recent characteristic note from Christopher Morley is a practice of his worthy of handing down to our romanticists. He concludes: "A happy St. Agnes Eve to you (tomorrow, the 20th). I'm the only person who never forgets the date and rereads the poem that night every year!" The very thought of the "Beadsman's numb fingers" makes *me* shiver as the howling wintry wind batters at my west window, but ensconced in a comfy chair in front of a blazing log fire is another story! Or perhaps C. M. recreates the background as well.

The *SRL* had the happy insight to suggest, from the gift John Newberry sent me for DC Series for the Armed Forces, ten copies of "Invitation to Double-Crostics" for the Library of Halloran General Hospital on Staten Island. In her acknowledgment, the Librarian, Lillian S. Wilson, writes: "I am delighted to have them and have sent the first copies out to the wards this very afternoon. We have had a number of *Saturday Review* fans in the Hospital at various times and it will be a joy to have a supply of Double-Crostics on hand for the puzzle addicts."

Helen A. Bagley, Germantown, Pa., is reminded in my use of *battalia*, No. 563, of a booklet containing Warwickshire customs and superstitions, bought in Stratford seven years ago. For in it is the picturesque word, "Tiddyoody Pie," a pie, in the words of a Warwickshire woman, containing "just bits of mate and bits of guts." You are spared its use only because it is not in my authorized reference books.

Mrs. W. Lorn Marston, N. Y. City, who sometimes "loses sight of the quarry to loiter on the chase," in a longer fantasy waxes warm thus:

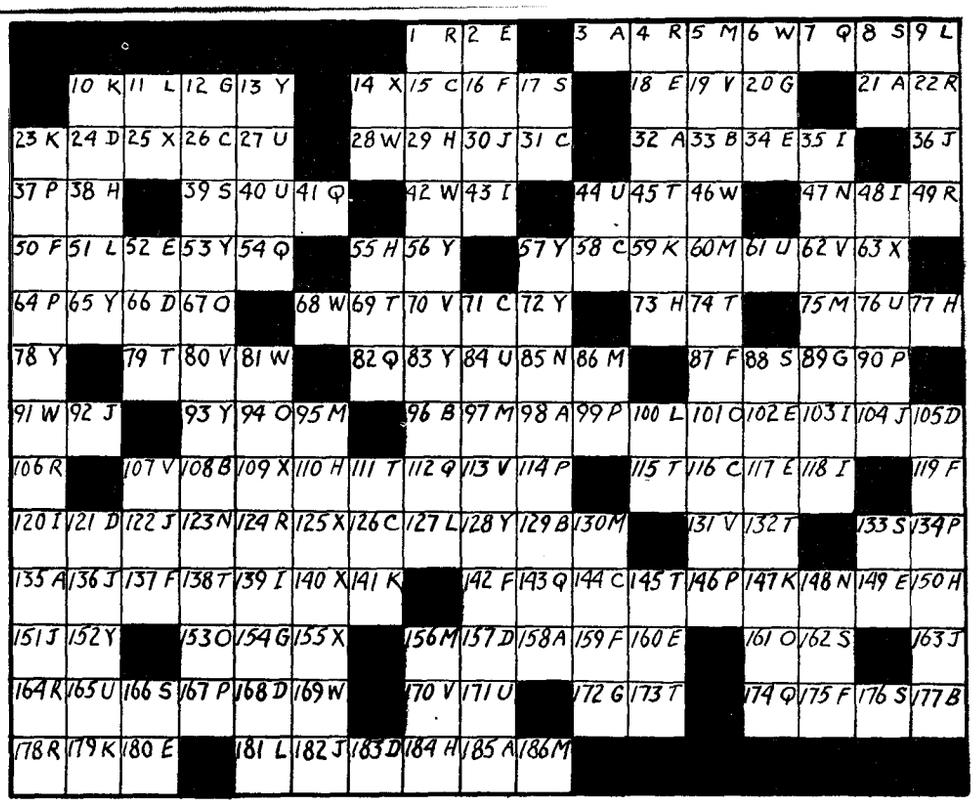
When sailing's plain, I crow a bit,
With reefs ahead I throw a fit,
And reference books come out in batches,
The while for sense my thinker snatches.
For five long years my brains have wracked:
There isn't one I haven't cracked.

Mrs. Theodore T. Greene, New Britain, Conn. (a year ago, I have just discovered by the date of her letter) protesting "On Doing (too easily) No. 512," offers me this guidance:

Don't cater this way to the "one-celled" galut;
Be "awatch" or your fans, now well "tamed,"
Like Tartars and shrews will incite an "emeute",
For which they could hardly be blamed.

Do you know our John Mason Brown's program "Of Men and Books" over Columbia's network Saturdays at 2? If you don't, you should, for it is, as you may surmise, delightfully entertaining and informative.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 568

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 7 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Twigs or flexible rods.
158 98 21 32 3 135 135

B. A trading association or guild (Hist.; Germanie).
33 108 177 96 129

C. Character in "A Winter's Tale."
26 15 126 58 144 116 71 31

D. To make shaggy, uneven, or rasping.
66 121 105 157 24 183 168

E. Living on prey, said esp. of certain birds.
160 18 102 180 117 2 52 34 149

F. Novel by Thackeray (with "The").
50 137 87 119 142 175 159 16

G. Mother of Perseus by Zeus.
20 172 154 12 89

H. Beloved and wife of Boreas.
29 184 55 110 73 38 150 77

I. Nonego.
35 120 48 139 103 118 43

J. Anything done too late.
104 92 163 182 30 122 36 136 151

K. Another name for Thor (Teut. Myth.)
141 23 179 147 59 10

L. To make vapid or spiritless.
181 11 127 51 100 9

M. To blame, censure, chide.
60 186 156 75 95 97 86 5 130

N. Greek faction in the present crisis (Jan. '45).
123 85 148 47

O. A Sephardic synagogue.
101 67 161 94 153

P. Appellation of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.
114 37 134 64 99 146 90 167

Q. Pres. of Mexico in 1920-24 and 1928 (assassinated July, 1928).
112 82 143 174 54 7 41

R. Cupbearer to Artaxerxes; Jewish reformer (Book of O. T.)
124 178 22 106 1 4 49 164

S. Soft, thick, clumsy fish of the North Atlantic.
8 166 39 133 162 176 17 88

T. Having the same or a similar origin.
45 138 69 145 132 173 74 79 111 115

U. Eldest son of Ishmael and progenitor of an Arabian tribe.
171 76 84 40 61 165 27 44

V. Spring and Autumn Annals of the "Five Classics" (Chinese).
107 131 113 19 62 80 170 70

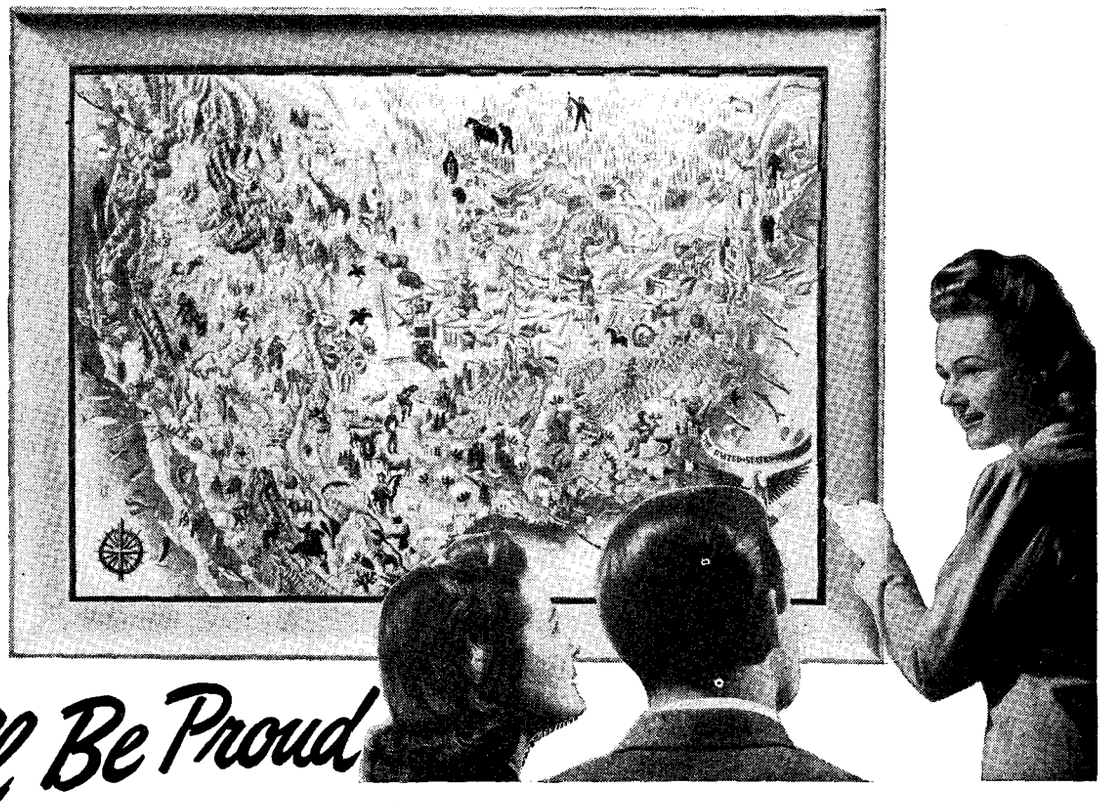
W. A fungus found in the ear, esp. in inflammation (Med.)
42 169 91 28 68 6 81 46

X. Debtors' prison near a gatehouse of ancient London.
14 109 155 25 63 125 140

Y. Continually (3 wds.)
56 83 72 65 128 57 58 13 78 93 152

WORDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A small black-and-white reproduction of this beautiful full-color Map-Portrait. Its actual size, unframed, is 3 feet wide by 2 feet, 1 inch deep!

You'll Be Proud

Every Time Your Guests Admire This Gorgeous

FULL-COLOR MAP-PORTRAIT OF AMERICA

Painted by the Great COVARRUBIAS!

YOU WILL always treasure this map-portrait of America. Your children will learn for years to come from the majestic story it tells. Your guests will admire it as one of the most interesting things you possess.

"THE COVARRUBIAS AMERICA" is a large portrait of the country we love, in all its glorious abundance — what we have, what we produce, what we are. Portrayed so breath-takingly that you will say, "Today, for the first time, I really *see* my native land!"

It Glows With Living COLOR

Unfortunately, the little photograph above cannot show the gorgeous color Covarrubias has poured into this masterpiece. The blend of greens as deep as America's fir trees—the oranges, rich as our fruit itself—purples like our luscious wine grapes—reds, rosy as our gleaming apples—the staunch blue of our flag—the ripe gold of our wheat.

No wonder "THE COVARRUBIAS AMERICA" has already become one of the proudest possessions in so many American homes, offices, schools, libraries. Leading artists, educators, decorators, have called it a supreme conception of The American Dream. Here, portrayed with pride, reverence, and even humor, is the whole mighty sweep of this country we are working and fighting for today.

CLIFTON FADIMAN, of *Information Please!* fame: "It makes clear, with humor and imagination, the solid meaning of the America we are fighting for."

THOMAS CRAVEN, noted art critic, and author of *Men of Art:* "Covarrubias has done this not only with an accurate survey of the productive localities, but with the gayety and charm of his remarkable art."

It Took 14 Months to Create

Miguel Covarrubias, famous muralist and world's foremost creator of decorative maps, spent 14 months bringing this masterpiece into being. After infinite research in every part of the country he encrusted it with hundreds of gem-like miniatures depicting the whole panorama of America, past and present!

You, your guests, your children, will never tire of poring over these immensely interesting "story-pictures." And to help you appreciate each of these intriguing miniatures to the fullest, you will receive *with* the map a large tracing of Covarrubias' own working chart, identifying (in its exact position) each subject, each characterization, each state.

Examine It Now for 5 Days

You must actually *see* this great work to visualize how its rich, glowing colors will shine upon your wall. Examine its heavy, *flat* mounting (actually one-fifth of an inch thick); the beautiful lustre of its hand-varnished finish. Should you wish it framed, as shown above, full details will be sent with the map.

Examine "The Covarrubias America" for five days. A small deposit will bring it to you; the balance may be sent in easy monthly payments. If for any reason you decide to return the map to us, the amount you have paid us will be promptly refunded.

To see America in all its grandeur—to thrill to its greatness as you never have before—mail the coupon and let us send you "The Covarrubias America" now. Address: ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, Studio 22, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Delivered to you FLAT (not rolled or folded) by Railway Express, specially packed by gallery experts to arrive in perfect condition — and fully insured, of course.

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, Studio 22
711 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me THE COVARRUBIAS AMERICA, and Descriptive Chart, for *5 days' money-back examination.* I enclose $2 with this coupon, and if I keep it I will then send you $2 per month for four months.

If I decide *not* to keep the map, I will return it to you prepaid and you will refund in full what I have paid.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE NO. (IF ANY) ____ STATE____

☐ *Check here if for convenience you prefer making a single remittance, rather than five, and are enclosing your check or money order for ten dollars herewith. The same return privilege, for full refund, is still yours. If resident of New York City, please add ten cents retail sales tax.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED